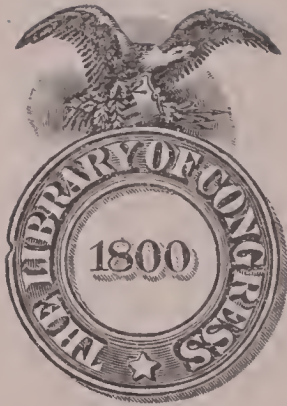


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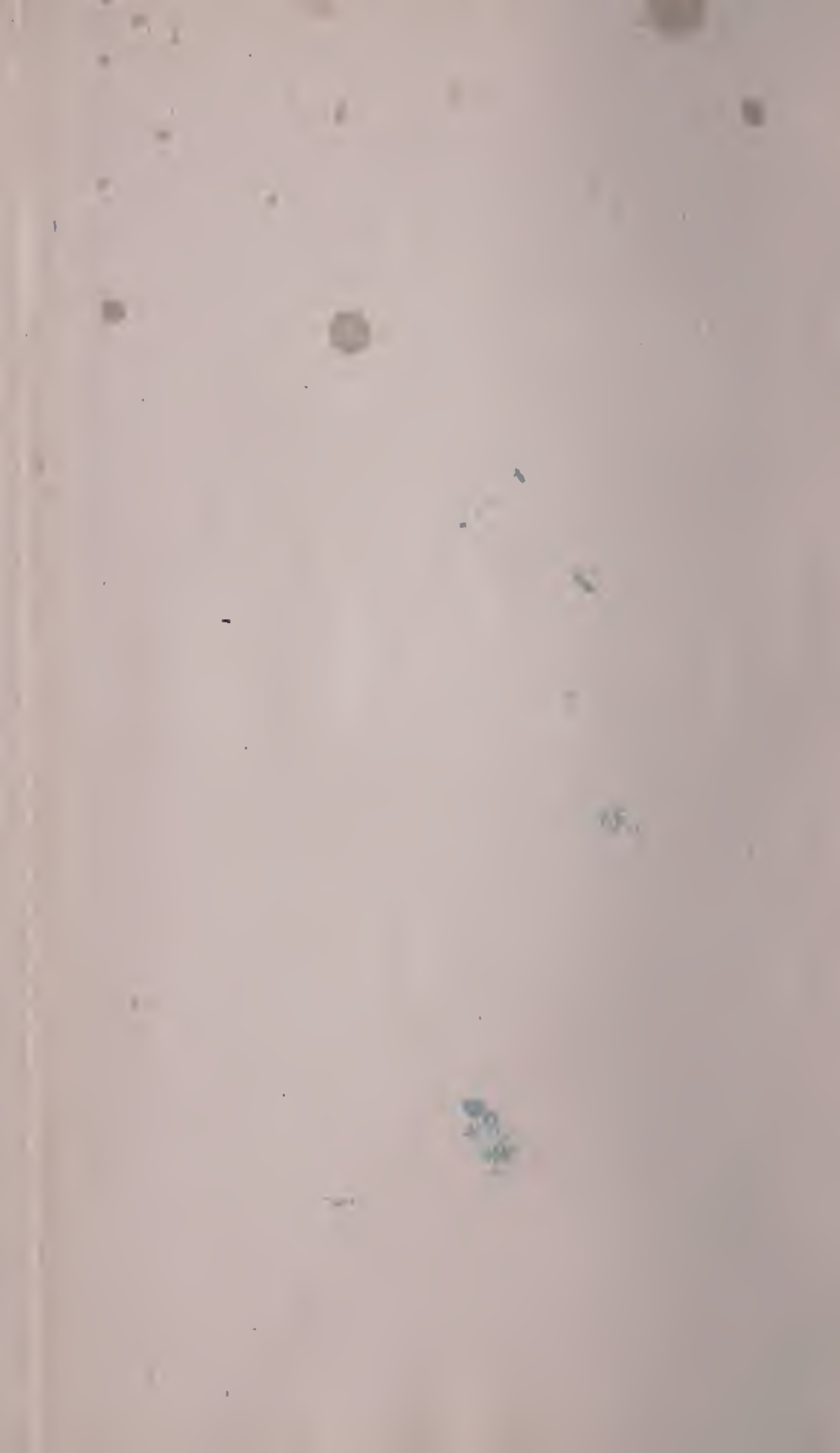
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GUIDE  
TO  
WINDERMERE,

WITH  
TOURS TO THE NEIGHBOURING LAKES  
AND OTHER INTERESTING PLACES,

BY MISS HARRIET MARTINEAU.

With a Map.

ILLUSTRATED FROM DRAWINGS BY T. L. ASPLAND,  
ENGRAVED BY W. J. LINTON.

WINDERMERE:—JOHN GARNETT.

LONDON:—WHITAKER AND CO.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.



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ACROSS THE HEAD OF STOCKGHYLL.



# GUIDE

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WITH

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BY MISS HARRIET MARTINEAU.

With a Map and Illustrations.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED EXCURSIONS TO AND FROM KESWICK; ALSO AN  
ACCOUNT OF THE FLOWERING PLANTS, FERNS, AND MOSSES  
OF THE DISTRICT,

AND A COMPLETE DIRECTORY TO WINDERMERE AND  
ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.

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SECOND EDITION.

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## PART I.

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# WINDERMERE.

A few years ago there was only one meaning to the word WINDERMERE. It then meant a lake lying among mountains, and so secluded that it was some distinction even for the travelled man to have seen it. Now, there is a Windermere railway station, and a Windermere post-office and hotel ;— a thriving village of Windermere and a populous locality. This implies that a great many people come to the spot ; and the spot is so changed by their coming, and by other circumstances, that a new guide book is wanted ; for there is much more to point out than there used to be ; and what used to be pointed out now requires a wholly new description. Such new guidance and description we now propose to give.

The traveller arrives, we must suppose, by the railway from Kendal, having been dropped at the Oxenholme Junction by the London train from the south, or the Edinburgh and Carlisle train from the north.



The railways skirt the lake district, but do not, and cannot, penetrate it: for the obvious reason that railways cannot traverse or pierce granite mountains or span broad lakes. If the time should ever come when iron roads will intersect the mountainous parts of Westmorland and Cumberland, that time is not yet; nor is in view,—loud as have been the lamentations of some residents, as if it were to happen to-morrow. No one who has ascended Dunmail Raise, or visited the head of Coniston Lake, or gone by Kirkstone to Patterdale, will for a moment imagine that any conceivable railway will carry strangers over those passes, for generations to come. It is a great thing that steam can convey travellers round the outskirts of the district, and up to its openings. This is now effectually done; and it is all that will be done by the steam locomotive during the lifetime of anybody yet born. The most important of the openings thus reached is that of WINDERMERE.

The mountain region of Cumberland and Westmorland has for its nucleus the cluster of tall mountains, of which Scawfell is the highest. *There* are the loftiest peaks and deepest valleys. These are surrounded by somewhat lower ridges and shallower vales; and these again by others, till the uplands are mere hills and the valleys scarcely sunk at all. It is into these exterior undulations that the railways penetrate; and, at the first ridge of any steepness, they must stop. It is this which decides the termination of the Windermere railroad, and which prevents the lateral railways from coming nearer than the outer base of the hills on the

east and the coast on the west. When the traveller on foot or horseback sees certain reaches of Lake Windermere from Orrest Head, lying deep down below him, he knows he is coming near the end of the railway, which cannot yet plunge and climb as our old mail roads must do, if they exist here at all. As a general rule, lakes should be approached from the foot, that the ridges may rise, instead of sinking, before the observer's eye. But so happy is the access to Windermere from the station, that it is hard to say that it could have been better; and that access is, not from the south to its lower end, but from the south-east to about its middle. The old coach road over Orrest Head and the railway meet at the new village of Windermere, whence the road to Bowness descends, winding for about a mile and a half, striking the shore at a point rather more than half way up the lake, and commanding the group of mountains that cluster about its head.

Supposing that the traveller desires to see the Windermere scenery thoroughly, we shall divide our directions into portions; first exhibiting what is to be seen in the immediate neighbourhood of the Windermere Hotel, or within a moderate walk; and then describing three tours, two of which may be easily taken in a day each. One mountain trip will be added, and, these being faithfully prosecuted, the tourist may be assured that he has seen all that falls within the scope of a summer visitor in the opening region of the Lake District.

A few minutes will take him to Orrest Head, where

he will see a lovely view, — a picturesque cottage roof, surrounded by trees, in the foreground; grey rocks cropping out of the sward on the other side of the hedges; and in front, overlapping hills, range behind range, with the grey waters of the lake lying below. Already, a traveller who should remain any time in the district would find himself introduced to the humours of a remote region. Odd sayings and doings remain, and traditions of old singularities are not lost. This place, Orrest Head, was the residence of the noted Josiah Brown, who amused himself, a century ago, with welcoming beggars, whom he supplied with meat and lodging, — sometimes to the number of twenty in a night. He called them his “jolly companions;” and no doubt he got a world of amusement out of them, in return for his hospitality. The local saying, “that’s too big a bo-o for a young horse,” was Josiah Brown’s, and it was originated thus. He was breaking in a young horse, when one of his men took a liberty, — such as his servants were always taking with him, — but in this case to be repented of. The fellow hid himself behind a gate-post, and yelled so tremendously as his master passed through that Josiah was thrown, and broke his leg. His good-natured criticism was, “that was too big a bo-o for a young horse;” and this is still the proverbial expression of extreme surprise.

The hill to the right is part of the Elleray property, so well known as the lake-home of Christopher North, and now so much improved by its present proprietor, Mr. Eastted. If the traveller should have the good fortune to obtain a ticket of leave to enter the



grounds,\* his first object should be to walk up that hill at Elleray, by Mr. Eastted's new drive. All the way up, the views are exquisite: but that from the summit, — about 700 feet above the lake, is one of the finest the district can show. The whole length of Windermere extends below, with its enclosing hills and wooded islands; and towards the head, some of the highest peaks and ridges may be seen: — Conistoun Old Man to the west; Bowfell and the Langdale Pikes to the northwest; Fairfield to the north, with Loughrigg lying, as a mere dark ridge, across the head of Windermere; while, to the north-east, Troutbeck is disclosed, with its peaks of High Street and Hill Bell. All below are woods, with houses peeping out; on a height of the opposite shore, Wray Castle; further north, the little Brathay Chapel, set down near the mouth of the valley; and between Loughrigg and the lake, at its head, the white houses of Clappersgate, with the chateau-like mansion of Croft Lodge conspicuous above the rest. This view is a good deal like

\* A portion of the Elleray grounds are open to the public every Monday and Friday. Tickets of admission, bearing date, are issued on application to Mr. Garnett, at the Windermere Post-office, by paying a small donation, not less than one shilling, for a party of six persons, and, if above that number, the donation must be doubled. The proceeds are for the benefit of the school for the education of the poor, established by the Rev. J. A. Addison, and the sick and aged poor of Windermere, who may need assistance. — Parties will enter at the gate opposite the post-office, and proceed up the road to the right, which is the main road leading to the top of the hill, and return by the same route. All branch roads are strictly private.

the one from the hill behind the Windermere Hotel, which is reached by a lane turning off from Orrest Head. The Elleray one is the most extensive and complete to the north : but to enjoy the other, leave will be readily obtained at the hotel.

The village of Windermere is like nothing that is to be seen any where else. The new buildings (and all are new) are of the dark grey stone of the region, and are for the most part of a mediæval style of architecture. The Rev. J. A. Addison, of Windermere, has a passion for ecclesiastical architecture ; and his example has been a good deal followed. There is the little church of St. Mary, and there are the schools belonging to it, with their steep roofs of curiously-shaped slates : and there is St. Mary's Abbey, (new, in spite of its antique name), and St. Mary's Cottage. And there will be the new college of St. Mary, standing in a fine position, between the main road and the descent to the lake. This college, of which the Rev. J. A. Addison is the warden, is designed to afford a cheap and thorough education, on sound church principles, to the sons of clergymen chiefly, though not exclusively. It is under high patronage, ecclesiastical and local. The pupils, in a college garb of the olden time, are a curious feature in the aspect of the place ; and they will be more so when they get their new buildings to live in. Judging by the plan and elevation put forth, the edifice will be in excellent taste, and a great adornment to the neighbourhood. The large house, on the hill and amidst the woods of the Elleray estate, and often mistaken for the new college, is the property of

John Gandy, Esq., who has chosen a charming site for his abode; and a little further, on the same side of the road, is the pretty villa-residence of Miss Yates.

There are villas on either side the road, on almost every favourable spot, all the way to Bowness. The road past the college grounds leaves the other one to be called by the inevitable title of "the old road." We pass rows of lodging-houses; and then we see to the right the spot where the college is to be: and to the left Ellerthwaite, the residence of Mr. Geo. H. Gardner; and then, to the right, the cottage of Mylnbeck, the residence of the Misses Watson, daughters of the late bishop of Llandaff: a common house in its aspect towards the road, but, as seen over the wall, very pretty in its garden-front. The next gate on the left is the entrance to the Craig, built by Sir Thomas Pasley, and now inhabited by W. R. Greg, Esq. Below this, the houses begin to thicken about the entrance to Bowness. Among them, a road to the left leads to one of the most charming points of view in the neighbourhood,—a hill named Biscut How, crested with rocks, which afford as fine a station as the summit of Elleray for a view of the entire lake and its shores.

#### BOWNESS

Is the port of Windermere. There the new steamboats put up; and thence go forth the greater number of fishing and pleasure boats which adorn the lake. There is a good deal of bustle in the place; and the lower parts, near the water, are very hot in summer: and the more since the building of a new lodging house in a



space near the church, which used to be called the lungs of Bowness. The two great inns, however, are in airy situations, — the garden platform of Ullock's Royal Hotel overlooking the gardens that slope down to the shore; and the Crown being on a hill which commands the whole place. These inns are both extremely well managed; and it is for the traveller to say whether their charges, which are uniform, justify a complaint which has been made, (we think unreasonably as regards the Lake District in general) of high prices. During the season, which extends from May to November, the charges are two shillings for breakfast, (including meat, fish, &c.,) two shillings and sixpence for dinner; and one shilling and sixpence for tea. A private sitting-room is charged two shillings and sixpence per day. Ullock's Hotel, called Royal since the visit of Queen Adelaide in 1840, makes up between seventy and eighty beds. Close at hand is a little museum, where the birds of the district may be seen, exceedingly well stuffed and arranged by Mr. Armstrong, a waiter at the hotel. The Crown has ten private sitting rooms, and makes up ninety beds. Nothing can well exceed the beauty of the view from its garden seats.

There is an exhibition open in Bowness during the summer months, which, it will be useful, and particularly agreeable to the stranger to visit, before he penetrates further into the district. Mr. and Mrs. Lindsey Aspland exhibit their paintings of lake scenery every summer; and their pictures are of a high order of merit as works of art, as well as for their fidelity as portraits of scenery. Mr. Aspland's outline sketches are excel-



lent ; and those on which the passes are clearly indicated are of especial value to the pedestrian tourist.

The old churchyard of Bowness, with its dark yews, and the weather-worn church, long and low, is the most venerable object in the place. The chancel window of the church contains painted glass from Furness Abbey. The tomb of Bishop Watson will be found in the churchyard, near the east window. The rectory, which is hardly less venerable than the church, stands at a considerable distance from the village, and is approached through fields and a garden. The old-fashioned porch is there, of which this is said to be the last remaining instance in the whole district,—the roomy, substantial porch, with benches on each side, long enough to hold a little company of parishioners, and a round ivy-clad chimney immediately surmounting the porch. Within, there is abundant space, with little elevation ;—plenty of room in the hall and parlours, with ceilings that one can touch with the hand. Almost every other noticeable edifice in Bowness is new, or at least modern ; the schools, the gift of the late Mr. Bolton, of Storrs Hall,—the Italian villa, called Belsfield, the property of the Baroness de Sternberg, and many others.

The visitor will first repair to the strand, to salute the waters. He will find a good quay, with boats in abundance, and several boat-houses within view. A substantial little pier is built out into the lake ; and on either side is a steamboat moored during winter ; and to the end these two steamers come, six times a day each, during the summer. To the right, gardens

slope down to this little bay ; and they look gay even in winter from their profusion of evergreens, and from the ivy which clothes their walls. The church just peeps out behind the houses above. Looking over the lake, Curwen's Island is just opposite. In May and early June, the woods of that island, and of all the promontories round, present a most diversified foliage, — from the golden tufts of the oak to the sombre hue of the pines, with every gradation of green between. In July and August, the woods are what some call *too* green, — massy and impenetrable, — casting deep shadows on the sward and the waters. Within the shadow on the shore stands the angler, watching the dimpling of the surface, as the fly touches it, or the fish leaps from it : and within the shadow on the water, the boat swings idly with the current ; and the student, come hither for recreation, reads or sleeps as he reclines, waiting for the cool of the afternoon. Turning to the north, the highest peaks are not seen from this strand ; but Fairfield and Loughrigg close in the head of the lake.

Turning southwards along the margin, and walking about a mile, the explorer reaches the point of the promontory, Ferry Nab, which stretches out opposite the Ferry House, — itself on the point of an opposite promontory. There can hardly be a more charming resting-place than a seat under the last trees of this projection. It is breezy here ; and the waters smack the shore cheerily. The Troutbeck hills come into view, and the head of the lake is grander. The round house on Curwen's island is seen among the trees. The





WINDERMERE, FROM NEAR STORRS.



Ferry house, under its canopy of tall sycamores, and with its pebbly beach, is immediately opposite; and behind it rises the wooded bank which is, in light or shadow, one of the chief graces of the scene. If the sun shines upon it, it is feathered with foliage to the very ridge, and the bay beneath it is blue and lustrous. If the sun has gone down behind it, the bay is black; and every dipping bird sprinkles it with silver; and the wild duck that comes sailing out with her brood, draws behind her a pencil of white light. From this point, a view opens to the south. In the expanse of waters lies another island; and further down, on the eastern shore, a pier extends with a little tower at the end. This is Storrs: and at that pier did the guests embark when Scott went to meet Canning at Mr. Bolton's, and the fine regatta took place, (under the direction of Christopher North) which is celebrated in Lockhart's *Life of Scott*. This was only two years before Canning's death, and seven before that of Scott. Mr. and Mrs. Bolton are gone; and Christopher North himself has followed. It is probable that no stranger ever sees that pier at Storrs without thinking of Professor Wilson; and, indeed, there is no spot in the neighbourhood with which his memory, and the gratitude of his readers, is not associated. Any where, such a presence is rarely seen; and it was especially impressive in the places he best loved to haunt. More than one person has said that Wilson reminded them of the first man, Adam; so full was his large frame of vitality, force and sentience. His tread seemed to shake the ground, and his glance to pierce through stone walls; and, as for his

voice, there was no heart that could stand before it. In his hour of emotion, he swept away all hearts, whithersoever he would. No less striking was it to see him in a mood of repose, as he was seen when steering the packet-boat that used to pass between Bowness and Ambleside, before the steamers were put upon the lake. Sitting motionless, with his hand upon the rudder, in the presence of journeymen and market-women, and his eye apparently looking beyond everything into nothing, and his mouth closed above his beard, as if he meant never to speak again, he was quite as impressive and immortal an image as he could have been to the students of his moral philosophy class, or the comrades of his jovial hours. He was known, and with reverence and affection, beside the trout-stream and the mountain tarn, and, amidst the damp gloom of Elleray, where he could not bring himself to let a tree or a sprig be lopped that his wife had loved. Every old boatman and young angler, every hoary shepherd and primitive dame among the hills of the district, knew him and enjoyed his presence. He made others happy by being so intensely happy himself, when his brighter moods were on him; and when he was mournful, no one desired to be gay. He is gone with his joy and his grief; and the region is so much the darker in a thousand eyes.

Instead of returning to his inn the way he came, the stranger may make a moderate and pleasant walk by going through Bowness on the Ambleside road, and round by Cook's House. The first noticeable abode that he will see is Rayrigg, — a rather low, rambling, grey house, standing on the grass near a little bay of

the lake. It is a charming old-fashioned house, and its position has every advantage, except that it stands too low. On the high wall by the road side, immediately before reaching the gate of Rayrigg, the stranger will be struck with the variety of ferns. That wall is an excellent introduction to the stone fences of the region, richly adorned as many of them are with mosses and ferns.

Passing between woods, resounding with brawling streams, the road leads up a rather steep ascent, the summit of which is called Miller Brow. Hence is seen what, in our opinion, is a view unsurpassed for beauty in the whole Lake District. The entire lake lies below, the white houses of Clappersgate being distinctly visible at the north end and the Beacon at the south : and the diversity of the framework of this sheet of water is here most striking. The Calgarth woods, for which we are indebted to Bishop Watson, rising and falling, spreading and contracting below, with green undulating meadows interposed, are a perfect treat to the eye ; and so are the islands clustering in the centre of the lake. Wray Castle stands forth well above the promontory opposite ; and at the head, the Langdale Pikes, and their surrounding mountains seem, in some states of the atmosphere, to approach and overshadow the waters ; and in others to retire, and shroud themselves in soft haze and delicate hues peculiar to cloud land. There is a new house, built just below the ridge at Miller Brow by William Sheldon, which we have thought, from the time the foundation was laid, the most enviable abode in the country, — commanding-a



view worthy of a mountain top, while sheltered by hill and wood, and with the main road so close at hand that the conveniences of life are as procurable as in a street. A short descent hence brings the walker to Cook's House, — the point where four roads meet. Cook's house has only just disappeared. With it has disappeared a fine specimen of the old fireplace of the district, with its chimney-corners. It is rather a drawback to the romance hanging about those wide old chimnies, to know that the good man had to sit with some special covering over his head and shoulders, to protect him from the soot that the rain brought down. At Cook's house there were recesses and cupboards in that strange roofless alcove, — the door being of the old oak of which such fine specimens may be seen in the farm-houses of the dales. We should rather say, might till lately have been seen; for we fear there are but few left. The greater number of old chests, cupboard doors, and high backed chairs, covered with carvings, have found their way to the London curiosity shops, whence agents have been sent through the wildest places in the district to buy up such relics at high prices. Still, there are specimens left, as the observant traveller will notice.

Of the four roads which meet here, the one to his left would take him to Ambleside; the one opposite, to Troutbeck. To reach his inn he must take the one to the right, which leads him straight home.

The next thing to be done is to take a survey of the whole lake by a steamboat trip. During the summer, two steamers make six trips each; so that the stranger can choose his own hour, and go down or up first, as he

pleases. In accordance with the rule of lake approach, we should recommend his going down first. He embarks at the pier at Bowness, and is carried straight across to the Ferry, where the boats touch. Then the course is southwards, with the lake narrowing, and the hills sinking till the scenery becomes merely pretty. The water is very shallow towards the foot, and the practicable channel is marked out by posts. The best work that the whole neighbourhood could undertake would be the deepening of the lake at this part, and of the river which carries off the overflow. Not only is the passage of the steamers difficult : there is a far worse evil in the inundations which take place on all the low-lying lands, even up to Rydal, from the insufficiency of the outlet. The mischief has much increased since drainage has been introduced. The excellent and indispensable practice of land drainage must be followed up by an improvement in arterial drainage, or floods are inevitable. The water which formerly dribbled away in the course of many days, or even weeks, now gushes out from the drains all at once ; and if the main outlets are not enlarged in proportion, the waters are thrown back upon the land. This is the case now in the neighbourhood of Windermere, — the meadows and low-lying houses at Ambleside, a mile or two from the lake, being flooded every winter by the overflow of the lake first, then of the river, then of the tributary streams. The Steam Yacht Companies gave fifty pounds to have the lake deepened at Fell Foot, about five years ago ; and Mr. White, the proprietor of the Newby Bridge Hotel, subscribed the same amount : and this was good as far

as it went. But a much larger operation is required. There is a weir below Newby Bridge, to serve a corn mill. Now, the days of weirs and watermills are coming to an end. In these days of steam engines, it is not to be endured that hundreds of acres should be turned into swamps, and hundreds of lives lost by fever, ague, and rheumatism, for the sake of a waterpower, which pays perhaps thirty pounds or forty pounds a-year. We say this of watermills generally; and in regard to the need of sufficient arterial drainage, we speak of the shores of Windermere in particular. The expense of carrying off the utmost surplus of the waters in the wettest season would be presently repaid, here as anywhere else, by the improved value of the land and house property, relieved from the nuisance of flood.

The Swan Inn at Newby Bridge is exceedingly comfortable; and the charges are very moderate. The stranger will have to come again, on his way to Furness, at all events, and perhaps in some trip to Hawkshead; or when making the circuit of the lake by land. Now, he merely calls for lunch or tea, during the stopping of the steamer; and then he is off again, up the lake. After the Ferry and Bowness, the next call is at Lowwood inn, where there are sure to be passengers landing or embarking. Between Bowness and Lowwood inn, Rayrigg has been seen, beside the little bay; and then Ecclerigg, with its overshadowing trees, and pretty pier. It is inhabited by Richard Luther Watson, Esq., grandson of the late Bishop of Llandaff. Just above Lowwood, high up on the wooded side of Wansfell, will be seen Dove Nest, once the abode of Mrs.



Hemans, when its appearance was more primitive and less pretty than it is now, — improved as it has been by its present resident, her then young friend, the Rev. Robert Perceval Graves. Next comes Wansfell Holme, inhabited by the Rev. James J. Hornby. This is another choice situation. On the opposite shore is Wray Castle, erected by James Dawson, Esq., — a most defensible-looking place for so peaceful a region; but an enviable residence, both from its interior beauty and the views it commands. Just above it, Pullwyke bay, where lily of the valley is found, runs far into the land; and overlooking it is seen Pull Cottage, the residence of Major Rogers. Next, the sweet, tranquil Brathay valley opens, with Mr. Redmayne's mansion of Brathay Hall, on a green slope above the lake; and just behind, on a wooded knoll in the gorge of the valley, the beautiful little church, called Brathay Chapel, built by Mr. Redmayne.

Two rivers fall into the lake, uniting just before they reach it; — the Rothay, which comes down from Dunmail Raise, beyond Grasmere, and the Brathay, which issues from Elterwater, a group of pools, rather than a lake, lying at the foot of the hills near Langdale. The valleys of the Rothay and the Brathay are separated by Loughrigg, — the ridge of which, at its further end, commands Grasmere; its Windermere end shelters Clappersgate and Waterhead. The steamer sweeps round to the pier at Waterhead, where there is a cluster of dwellings, the most imposing of which is the large grey stone house called Wanlas How, the property of Alexander C. Brenehley, Esq. Omnibuses are in waiting here, from Ambleside and Grasmere, —

the one, distant one mile ; and the other, between four and five. Our tourist will, however, complete the circuit of the lake, by returning to Bowness.

There are plenty of boats to be had at Waterhead and Bowness, and watermen who are practised and skilful. The stranger should be warned, however, against two dangers which it is rash to encounter. Nothing should induce him to *sail* on Windermere, or on any lake surrounded by mountains. There is no calculating on, or accounting for, the gusts that come down between the hills ; and no skill and practice obtained by boating on rivers or the waters of a flat country are any sure protection here. And nothing should induce him to go out in one of the little skiffs which are too easily attainable and too tempting, from the ease of rowing them. The surface may become rough at any minute, and those skiffs are unsafe in all states of the water but the calmest. The long list of deaths occasioned in this way, — deaths both of residents and strangers, — should have put an end to the use of these light skiffs, long ago. The larger boats are safe enough, and most skilfully managed by their rowers : and the stranger can enjoy no better treat than gliding along, for hours of the summer day, peeping into the coves and bays, coasting the islands, and lying cool in the shadows of the woods. The clearness of the water is a common surprise to the resident in a level country ; and it is pleasant sport to watch the movements of the fish, darting, basking, or leaping in the sunshine, or quivering their fins in the reflected ray. What the quality of the trout and char is, the tourist will probably find every day, at breakfast and dinner.

## FIRST TOUR.

FROM BOWNESS, BY NEWBY BRIDGE AND ULVERSTONE TO FURNES ABBEY, RETURNING BY CONISTON, HAWKSHEAD, AND THE FERRY.

MILES.		MILES.
	Bowness to Newby Bridge ... ..	8
8	Ulverstone ... ..	16
7	Furness ... ..	23
8	Foot of Coniston Water ... ..	31
7	New Inn ... ..	38
4	Hawkshead ... ..	42
3	The Ferry ... ..	45

For the greater convenience of taking his pleasure on the water, the traveller will now shift his quarters to Bowness, where he will find himself, as we have said, comfortably accommodated at either Ullock's Royal Hotel or the Crown. Now is his time for visiting Furness Abbey. This should be the first of his tours, because it will lead him into the least mountainous parts of the district.

He will go down to Newby Bridge either by steamer, or by the road, which passes the grounds of Storrs, and cuts over hill and dale, and winds among the copses, till it crosses the bridge opposite the inn. Those copses have been valuable to the remotest known date, for charcoal, and they have become more so since the increase of manufactures has stimulated the demand for bobbins. There are bobbin-mills at Skelwith, at Amble-

side, at Troutbeck Bridge, and at Staveley. But the charcoal-burning goes on still, we believe, with some activity in these southern parts of the district. The one the traveller has just passed was the scene of the life of two brothers whose name and fame will not be let die. Their name was Dodgson; and they lived in Cartmel Fell above a century ago. They were so intent on their wood-cutting that they spent Sunday in cooking their food for the whole week. They ate little but oatmeal porridge; and, when that fell short, they tried Friar Tuck's ostensible diet of dried peas and hard beans. As they grew old, they began to feel the need of domestic help. Said the one to the other, "Thou mun out and tait a wife." — "Yes!" was the reply; "if thear be a hard job, thou olus sets yan tult." The thing was accomplished, however; and when the old fellows were still chopping away at upwards of eighty, rain or shine, ill or well, there was the wife in the dwelling, and children to help. The brothers left considerable property; but it went the way of miser's money; and there are no Dodgson's now in Cartmel Fell.

All the way to Furness, there are specimens of roads and lanes which are locally called Ore gates (ways,) from their being constructed from the slag and refuse of the iron-ore formerly brought into the peninsula to be smelted, on account of the abundance of charcoal there. There are few objects more picturesque, to this day, than the huts of the woodcutters, who remain on a particular spot till their work is done. Upon piled stems of trees heather is heaped, to make a shaggy



thatch; and when the smoke is oozing out, thin and blue, from the hole in the centre, or the children are about the fire in front, where the great pot is boiling, the sketcher cannot but stop and dash down the scene in his book. The children will say he is "spying fancies," — as they say of every one who sketches, botanizes, or in any way explores; and perhaps somebody may have the good taste to advise him to come at night, when the glow from the fires makes the thicket a scene of singular wildness and charm. A sad story about a charcoal-burner belongs to this neighbourhood. On two farms lived families which were about to be connected by marriage. The young lover was a "coaler," — a charcoal-burner; and one stormy day, when he was watching his fire, and sitting on a stone near his hut to take his dinner, he was struck dead by lightning. The poor crazed survivor, his Kitty Dawson, went to that hut after the funeral, and would never leave it again. She did nothing but sit on that stone, or call his name through the wood. She was well cared for. There was always food in the hut, and some kind eye daily on the watch, — though with care not to intrude. One day in winter, some sportsmen who were passing took the opportunity of leaving some provision in the hut. They became silent, and silenced their dogs. But she could never more be disturbed. They found her dead.

It is eight miles hence to the cheerful little town of Ulverstone, which is now reached by the railway from Whitehaven; and from Ulverstone, the railway stretches south, past Furness Abbey, to the

margin of the sea. From Ulverstone to Furness, it is only seven miles. There is a good inn, — (though not cheap, as cheapness is not to be expected in the precincts of secluded ruins :) and here the tourist should bespeak his bed, if he means to study the Abbey.

The Abbey was founded in A. D. 1127. Its domains extended over the whole promontory in which it lies, and to the north, as far as the Shire Stones on Wrynose. They occupied the space between Windermere on the east and the Duddon on the west. The Abbot was a sort of king ; and his abbey was enriched, not only by King Stephen, but by the gifts of neighbouring proprietors, who were glad to avail themselves, not only of its religious privileges, but of its military powers for the defence of their estates against border foes, and the outlaws of the mountains, — the descendants of the conquered Saxons, who inherited their fathers' vengeance. The Abbey was first peopled from Normandy, — a sufficient number of Benedictine monks coming over from the monastery of Savigny to establish this house in honour of St. Marye of Furnesse. In a few years their profession changed : they followed St. Bernard, and wore the white cassock, caul and scapulary, instead of the dress of the grey monks. It is strange now to see the railway traversing those woods where these grey-robed foreigners used to pass hither and thither, on their holy errands to the depressed and angry native Saxons dwelling round about. The situation of the Abbey, as is usual with religious houses, is fine. It stands in the depth of a glen, with a stream

flowing by, — the sides of the glen being clothed with wood. A beacon once belonged to it; a watch tower on an eminence accessible from the abbey, whose signal-fire was visible all over Low Furness, when assistance was required, or foes were expected. The building is of the pale red stone of the district. It must formerly have almost filled the glen: and the ruins give an impression, to this day, of the establishment having been worthy of the zeal of its founder, King Stephen, and the extent of its endowments, which were princely. The boundary-wall of the precincts inclosed a space of sixty-five acres, over which are scattered remains that have, within our own time, been interpreted to be those of the mill, the granary, the fish-ponds, the ovens and kilns, and other offices. As for the architecture, the heavy shaft is found alternating with the clustered pillar, and the round Norman with the pointed Gothic arch. The masonry is so good that the remains are, even now, firm and massive; and the winding stair-cases within the walls are still in good condition in many places. The nobleness of the edifice consisted in its extent and proportions; for the stone would not bear the execution of any very elaborate ornament. The crowned heads of Stephen and his Queen Maude are seen outside the window of the Abbey, and are among the most interesting of the remains. It is all *triste* and silent now. The chapter-house, where so many grave councils were held, is open to the babbling winds. Where the abbot and his train swept past in religious procession, over inscribed pavements, echoing to the tread, the stranger now wades among tall ferns



and knotted grasses, stumbling over stones fallen from the place of honour. No swelling anthems are heard there now, or penitential psalms; but only the voice of birds, winds, and waters. But this blank is what the stranger comes for. Knowing what a territory the Abbots of Furness ruled over, like a kingdom, it is well to come hither to look how it is with that old palace and mitre, and to take one more warning of how Time shatters thrones, and dominations and powers, and causes the glories of the world to pass away.

The stranger will be among the ruins late, by moon or by star light; and again in the morning, before the dew is off, and when the hidden violet perfumes the area where the censer once was swung, and where the pillars cast long shadows on the sward. But he must not linger; for he has a good circuit to make before night.

The lake of Coniston, which is his next object, is in the district between Windermere and the Duddon, which has already been mentioned as formerly belonging to Furness Abbey. From Ulverstone, his road commands the estuary of the Leven for a few miles, and then approaches the foot of Coniston Water, which it reaches at eight miles from Ulverstone. Seven miles more bring him to the New Inn at Coniston, which, built under the direction of Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Marshall, is one of the most comfortable hotels in England. This lake, like Windermere, is flanked by low hills at the south end, and inclosed by magnificent mountains at the head, where Mr. J. G. Marshall's house and lands are more gloriously situated than almost any other in



the region. The little town of Church Coniston, and the New Inn, are a mile short of Waterhead; and the stranger must stop, and look through the place, while his early dinner is preparing. The Old Man, eleventh in height of the mountains of the district, (2,576 feet) towers above him; and the abodes of the people will shew him that he is in the neighbourhood of a copper mine. There is one, some way up the mountain; and he may see the winding road up to it. Higher up, where there is an evident hollow, he is told that he would find a deep black tarn; and higher up, another. But to climb the mountain is a day's work, with much doubt of success, (that is, of a clear summit,) and he must to-day be satisfied with what is below. Yewdale, with its grey rocks, cushioned with heather up to their summits, stretches away northwards from the head of the lake, into a gorge where the mountains overlap. One of the crags there is called Raven Crag: and it is said that a pair of ravens is living now, there or somewhere near. It is to be hoped that, now the eagles are gone, the last ravens will not be destroyed or scared away by the shot of the miners, or other rash sportsmen, who are too apt to bring down every bird they see. There are many picturesque dwellings in the area which is between the heights and the lake: but the best view of these is from the point to which the stranger will proceed, after his lunch or early dinner. He must order his car to meet him in an hour at the junction of the two lake roads, on the Hawkshead road; and then he must walk a mile to the Waterhead, and then on, round the head of the lake, in the direction

of Tent Lodge, which is seen nestling in its garden at some elevation above the lake. The road passes the site of the former Waterhead inn, now a young plantation of Mr. Marshall's. Then, commanding the whole expanse of the lake, it begins to ascend, as it curves round to the east; and, at about a mile and three-quarters from the new inn, there stands the house in which Elizabeth Smith lived and died; and, on the opposite side of the road, Tent Lodge, built on the spot where a tent was pitched, that she might draw her dying breath with greater ease, and enjoy, as long as possible, the incomparable landscape there stretched before her. The boat-house is at the bottom of the slope, down which she used to take her mother's guests; and she and her sister were so well practiced at the oar that they could show the beauties of the scene from any point of the lake. The first station is, however, from a field,—the first beyond the new house on Coniston Bank. Some people think this the finest view in the whole district: and truly, the frequent visitor pronounces it incomparable, every time he comes; and the passing tourist feels that, once seen, it can never be forgotten. Nowhere else, perhaps, is the grouping of the mountain peaks, and the indication of their recesses so striking; and as to the foreground, with its glittering waterfall, its green undulations, its diversified woods, its bright dwellings, and its clear lake,—it conveys the strongest impression of joyful charm,—of fertility, prosperity and comfort, nestling in the bosom of the rarest beauty.

Retracing his steps for some way, and passing the



CONISTON FROM BANK GROUND.





turn which would lead him down again to Tent Lodge, the stranger has rather a steep ascent before him, from point to point of which he finds, on looking behind him, new views of the lake appearing, while the magnitude of the Old Man becomes more apparent as he recedes from it. By the roadpost, which indicates the two ways to the two sides of the lake, he finds his car; and then he proceeds through a wild country — moorland, sprinkled with grey rock, — in the direction of Hawkshead, which is three miles from Waterhead.

The parish church of Hawkshead is ancient; its appearance is venerable; and it stands, as a church should do, in full view of the country round, — of the valley in which Esthwaite Water lies. Elizabeth Smith lies buried there; and there is a tablet to her memory in the churchyard. At the ancient Grammar School of Hawkshead, Wordsworth and his brother were educated. Passing through the neat little town, the road turns to the left, to reach the northern end of Esthwaite Water, which is two miles long, and half a mile broad; — a quiet sheet of water, with two promontories stretching into it, which appear like islands, nearly dividing it into a chain of ponds. A round pond at the northern end of the lake, connected with it by a narrow creek, exhibits a strange phenomenon. It has a floating island, — not like that of Derwentwater, which is a mass of mud and vegetable tangle, — but actually bearing trees: and this island is carried by strong winds from the one side to the other. The name of the pond is Priest's Pot: a fact which some explain by a tradition that a priest was drowned there; and others by a supposition of its

holding about as much as a thirsty priest would like to drink, if the liquor were sufficiently good. Lakebank is a pretty place; and further on, Lakefield, (J. R. Ogden's, Esq.,) at Near Sawrey, commands perhaps the best view in the valley. Just beyond, the road turns to the left, through an undulating country of considerable beauty. We find a trace of the rebellion of 1745 in the name of a lane, called "Scotch Gate" (way.) It was here that the fearful Highlanders were looked for, on their march to Derby; and here they might have had all their own way if they had come; for Sawrey had no idea of showing fight. All the inhabitants, carrying all their valuables, hied away, and took refuge together in a solitary building which was called Cook's braw bog-house. And braw it must have been, to hold all the Sawreyans. The view of Windermere from the highest point is very fine. The road leads through Farther Sawrey to the Ferry House. If there is daylight left, (and there may be, as the Ferry is only seven miles from Coniston Water-head) the traveller may as well go to the Station House, which he must have seen from the opposite side of the lake, peeping out of the ever-green woods. There he obtains fine views, up and down the lake, and may mark, on the way up, the largest laurels he has ever seen. His driver, or some resident, will probably take care that he does not stay till it is more than reasonably dusk. As reasons in plenty are always found for not marrying on a Friday, so it is said to be impossible, somehow or other, to get over to the Ferry Nab in the ferry-boat, except by daylight. And if you should

arrive at the Nab too late, you may call all night for the boat, and it will not come. The traveller may judge for himself how much of the local tale may be true. He may probably have heard of the Crier of Claife, whose fame has spread far beyond the district: but if not, he should hear of the Crier now, while within sight of Ferry Nab. If he asks who or what the Crier was, — that is precisely what nobody can tell, though every body would be glad to know: but we know all how and about it, except just what it really was. It gave its name to the place now called the Crier of Claife, — the old quarry in the wood, which no man will go near at midnight:—

It was about the time of the Reformation, one stormy night, when a party of travellers were making merry at the Ferry-house, — then a humble tavern, — that a call for the boat was heard from the Nab. A quiet, sober boatman obeyed the call, though the night was wild and fearful. When he ought to be returning, the tavern guests stepped out upon the shore, to see whom he would bring. He returned alone, ghastly and dumb with horror. Next morning, he was in a high fever; and in a few days he died, without having been prevailed upon to say what he had seen at the Nab. For weeks after, there were shouts, yells, and howlings at the Nab, on every stormy night: and no boatman would attend to any call after dark. The Reformation had not penetrated the region; and the monk from Furness who dwelt on one of the islands of the lake, was applied to to exorcise the Nab. On Christmas day, he assembled all the inhabitants on Chapel Island, and



performed in their presence services which should for ever confine the ghost to the quarry in the wood behind the Ferry, now called the Crier of Claife. Some say that the priest conducted the people to the quarry and laid the ghost, — then and there. — Laid though it be, nobody goes there at night. It is still told how the foxhounds in eager chase would come to a full stop at that place; and how, within the existing generation, a schoolmaster from Colthouse, who left home to pass the Crier, was never seen more. Whatever may be said about the repute of ghosts in our day, it is certain that this particular story is not dead.

Meantime, the heavy, roomy ferry-boat is ready: the horse is taken out of the car; and both are shipped. Two or three, or half-a-dozen people take advantage of the passage: the rowers, with their ponderous oars, are on the bench; and the great machine is presently afloat. The Ferry House looks more tempting than ever when seen from under its own sycamores, — jutting out as it does between quiet bays on either hand. The landing takes place on the opposite promontory: the horse is put to, and the traveller is presently at his inn. He is ready for his meal (be it tea or supper) of lake trout or char. The best char are in Coniston Water: but they are good every where; especially to hungry travellers, sitting at table within sight of the waters whence they have just been fished. The potted char of Coniston is sent, as every epicure knows, to all parts of the world where men know what is good. As for the trout, there can be none finer than that of Windermere.



## SECOND TOUR

BY TROUTBECK TO KIRKSTONE PASS AND PATTERDALE, AND  
DESCENT UPON AMBLESIDE.

MILES.						MILES.
	BOWNESS to Kirkstone	...	...	...	...	7
6	Patterdale	...	...	...	...	13
4	Lyulph's Tower	...	...	...	...	17
4	Back to Patterdale	...	...	...	...	21
10	Ambleside	...	...	...	...	31

As the traveller will have other opportunities of observing the six miles of mailroad between Bowness and Ambleside, he may as well go round, and see Ullswater, on the day of his removal. Sending his luggage on by the omnibus to one of the three chief Ambleside inns, he will take a car for the day, and go by Troutbeck to Patterdale.

The country people will tell him, as he turns up to Troutbeck at Cook's House, that he is going to see "the handsomest view in these parts,—especially at the back-end of the year." And wonderfully fine the views are, as the road ascends, commanding the entire lake, and the whole range of mountains from Conistoun Old Man to Fairfield. The singular valley of Troutbeck was once a wooded basin, where the terrified Britons took refuge from the Romans, while the latter were making their great road from Kendal to Penrith. That road actually ran along the very ridge of the

Troutbeck hills, as any one may see who will climb the mountain called, for this reason, High Street. What a sight it must have been — the pioneers felling the trees, and paving the way, and the soldiers following, with their armour and weapons gleaming in the sun, while the trembling natives cowered in the forest below, — listening now to the blows of the workmen, and now to the warlike music of the troops, marching up from Kendal! After Romans and Saxons were gone, the valley was a great park, and the inhabitants were virtually serfs, in danger of the gallows, (which had a hill to itself, named after it to this day) at the will and pleasure of the one great man. In course of time, — that is, a good many centuries ago, — the valley was disparked, and divided among the inhabitants, — only one very large estate being left, — the new park, containing 2,000 acres. This was the estate given by Charles I, to Huddleston Phillipson, for his services in the civil wars. The valley now contains a string of hamlets, — Town End, Town Head, High Green, Crag, and High Fold; and its farmsteads and outbuildings show some of the most curious specimens of ancient edifices that are to be seen in the district. Josiah Brown, whom we mentioned in connexion with Orrest Head, found nearly his match in oddity in this vale. A “rum fellow” in Troutbeck had a prodigious bull; and so had Josiah: and what must they do but meet half-way, and have a bull-fight; the terms being that the winner should have the fallen animal. Josiah actually came riding his bull. The battle was tremendous; and the Troutbeck animal went down before Josiah’s, and

was given by him to the poor of Troutbeck. These anecdotes appear very strange to people who have lived in towns, or among the more level manners of the south : and this is why we relate them. They are among the curiosities of the district. Troutbeck is the most primitive of the frequented valleys of the district. To find any other so antique and characteristic, it is necessary to leave the high road, and explore the secluded dales of which the summer tourist sees and hears nothing. The dale looks from the uplands as if it had been scooped out between the ridges with a gigantic scoop. Its levels are parcelled out into small fields, of all manner of shapes ; and the stream,—the *beck* abounding in *trout*,—winds along the bottom, from the foot of High Street, to fall into the lake just by Calgarth.

The road now followed by the tourist descends into the vale sharply, by the abode of John Wilson, Esq., at The How, and crosses the bridge, in full view of the chapel, which was consecrated in 1562, and thoroughly repaired in 1828. It is one of the small churches that, with their square tower and bell, look and sound so well in the dales. This one seats 160 worshipers. Immediately beyond the bridge, the road mounts again very steeply, till it joins that which runs along the hill sides, on the western side of the valley. This road is to be followed up the valley ; and the tourist must lose none of its beauties. Behind him, there are views of the receding lake, now diminished to the likeness of a cabinet picture : — below, is the deep vale with its green levels : opposite, the grassy slopes ascend to the ridges of High Street and Hill Bell ; and before him, Troutbeck Tongue



protrudes, splitting the valley into two, and being itself most lovely with its farmstead, and dropped thorns, and coppice and grey rocks : while, behind and above it, the vale head rises into grandeur, with its torrents leaping down, and its pathway winding up, indicating the pass into Mardale. The stranger is not going that way, however. He turns over a gentler pass to the left, which leads him, on the slope of Wansfell, away from Troutbeck. As he bids farewell to the Tongue, he sees the summit of Kirkstone before him. He is passing over the somewhat boggy upland where the Stock takes its rise, to flow down to and through Ambleside, after having taken the leap called Stockghyll Force. The tourist may see that in the evening, if there is time : — he is going the other way now.

His road meets the one from Ambleside at a small public-house, which the Ordnance Surveyors have declared the highest inhabited house in England : and thus it is labelled by a board over the porch. In clear weather, the sea is seen hence, and the thread of smoke from its steamers. The head of Windermere lies like a pond below : the little Blelham tarn, near Wray Castle, glitters behind ; and range beyond range of hills recedes to the horizon. Near at hand, all is very wild. The Ambleside road winds up steeply between grey rocks and moorland pasture, and dashing streams ; and the Kirkstone mountain has probably mists driving about its head. There is something wilder to come, however, — the noted Kirkstone Pass, — the great pass of the district. The descent begins about a quarter of a mile beyond the house. Down



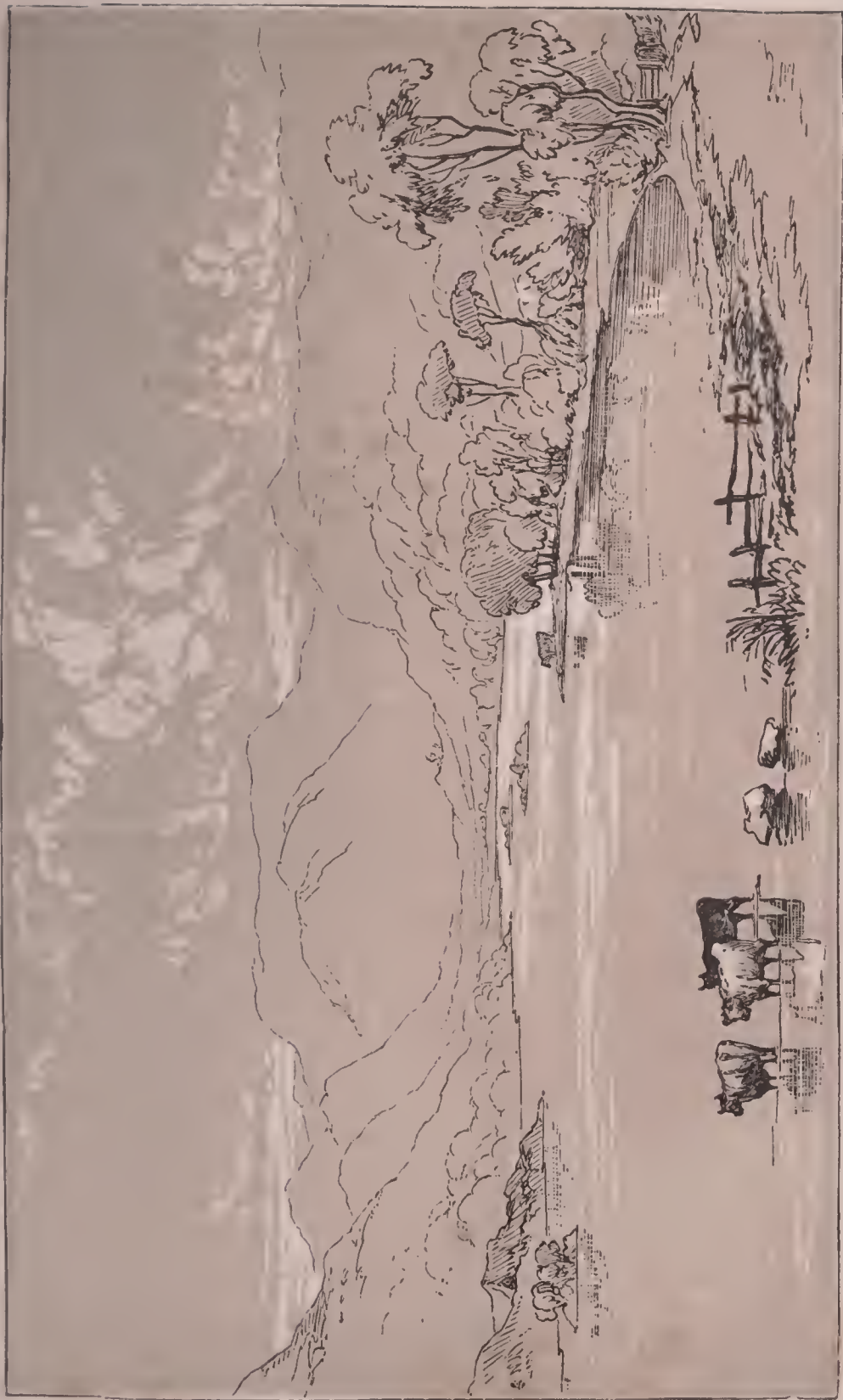
plunges the road, with rock and torrent on either hand, and the bold sweeps of Coldfield and Scandale Screes shutting in the pass; and the little lake of Brothers' Water lying below, afar off among the green levels; and, closing in the whole in front, the mass of Place Fell,—the other side of which goes sheer down into Ullswater. The stranger must not omit to observe near the head of the pass, the fallen rock, ridged like a roof, whose form (like that of a miniature church) has given its name to its precincts. All the way as he descends to Brothers' Water, the openings on the Scandale side (the left) charm his eye,—with their fissures, precipices, green slopes and levels, and knolls in the midst, crowned with firs. He passes through Hartsop, and then winds on, for three or four miles, among the rich levels of Patterdale, which is guarded by mountains jutting forwards, like promontories. The Patterdale Inn, kept by Mr. Gelderd, is another of the first-rate hotels of the district. The stranger, who must have left Windermere early in the morning, hastens to order a car or a boat, to take him to Gowbarrow Park, and desires that dinner may await him in about three hours' time.

If the weather is calm and fine, he has a boat, to which he must walk across the meadows. As soon as he is afloat, the beauties of Ullswater open upon him,—the great Place Fell occupying the whole space to the right; and Stybarrow Crag, precipitous and wooded, shoots up on the left-hand bank. The road winds below it, under trees, passing good houses, and the paths to Helvellyn, and to the lead works, and to

Glencoin, — all recesses full of beauty. Tales are told of artists who, turning into Glencoin, to find materials for a sketch, have not come out again for three months, finding themselves overwhelmed with tempting subjects for the pencil. The singularly primitive character of the popular mind in those secluded corners is almost as great an incitement to study as the variety and richness of the foregrounds and the colouring.

Ullswater has two bends, and is shaped like a relaxed Z. At the first bend, the boat draws to shore, below Lyulph's Tower, an ivy-covered little castle, built for a shooting-box by the late Duke of Norfolk ; but it stands on the site of a real old tower, named, it is said, after the Ulf, or L'Ulf, the first Baron of Greystoke, who gave its name to the lake. Some, however, insist that the real name is Wolf's Tower. The park which surrounds it, and stretches down to the lake, is studded with ancient trees ; and the sides of its watercourses, and the depths of its ravines, are luxuriantly wooded. Vast hills, with climbing tracks, rise behind, on which the herds of deer are occasionally seen, like brown shadows from the clouds. They are safe there from being startled (as they are in the glades of the park) by strangers who come to find out Ara Force by following the sound of the fall. Our tourist must take a guide to this waterfall from the tower.

He will be led over the open grass to the ravine, and then along its wooded sides on a pathway above the brawling stream, till he comes to a bridge, which will bring him in full view of the fall. As he sits in the cool damp nook at the bottom of the chasm, where the



UPPER REACH OF UL SWATER.





echo of dashing and gurgling water never dies, and the ferns, long grasses and ash sprays wave and quiver everlastingly in the pulsing air; and as, looking up, he sees the slender line of bridge spanning the upper fall, he ought to know of the mournful legend which belongs to this place, and which Wordsworth has preserved:— In the olden times, a knight who loved a lady, and courted her in her father's tower here, at Greystoke, went forth to win glory. He won great glory: and at first his lady rejoiced fully in it: but he was so long in returning, and she heard so much of his deeds in behalf of distressed ladies, that doubts at length stole upon her heart as to whether he still loved her. These doubts disturbed her mind in sleep: and she began to walk in her dreams, directing her steps towards the waterfall where she and her lover used to meet. Under a holly tree beside the fall they had plighted their vows, and this was the limit of her dreaming walks. The knight at length returned to claim her. Arriving in the night, he went to the ravine to rest under the holly until the morning should permit him to knock at the gate of the tower: but he saw a gliding white figure among the trees: and this figure reached the holly before him, and plucked twigs from the tree, and threw them into the stream. Was it the ghost of his lady love? or was it herself? She stood in a dangerous place: he put out his hand to uphold her: the touch awakened her. In her terror and confusion she fell from his grasp into the torrent, and was carried down the ravine. He followed and rescued her; but she died upon the bank; not, however, without having fully

understood that her lover was true, and had come to claim her. The knight devoted the rest of his days to mourn her: he built himself a cell upon the spot, and became a hermit for her sake.

The visitor should ascend the steps and pathway from the bottom of the fall, and stand on the bridge that spans the leap. It is a grand thing to look down.

He returns the way he came, by boat, to the inn, and, after dinner up Kirkstone Pass. He will hear and see enough to make him wish to come again, and stay awhile on Ullswater. He would like to walk along Place Fell, above the margin of the lake, where no carriage road is or can be made; and, once there, he would certainly climb the mountain. He would like to enter the bridle road, from the foot of the lake, which leads to Grisedale tarn, and comes out above Grasmere. He would like to visit Angle Tarn, on the southern end of Place Fell; and, yet more, Hays Water, the large lonely tarn above Hartsop; where the angler delights to seclude himself, because the trout delights in it too. It is a high treat to follow up the beck from the road, winding among the farms, and then entering the solitude of the pass, till the source of the stream is found in this tarn, a mile and a-half from the main road. The little lake is overhung by High Street, so that the Roman eagles, as well as the native birds of the rocks, may have cast their shadows upon its surface. Its rushy and rocky margin is as wild a place as the most adventurous angler can ever have found himself in. Our traveller must, however, come again to see it; for there is no time to diverge to it to-day.

At the house, at the top of the pass, (which he has walked up, in mercy to his horses) he leaves the Troutbeck road to the left, and descends rapidly upon Ambleside, which is between three and four miles from the house. On the left, is the valley or ravine of the Stock, whose waters are concealed by wood. The road runs along the slopes of the Scandale Fells. Below, Windermere opens more and more; and at length, the pretty little town of Ambleside appears, nestling at the foot of Wansfell, and the valley of the Rothay opens at the gazer's feet. On the opposite margin of this green recess, and on the skirts of Loughrigg, he sees Fox How, the residence and favourite retirement of the late Dr. Arnold, and now inhabited by his family. Near the pass which opens between Loughrigg and Fairfield, he is told that the residence of Wordsworth may be seen from below. Just under him to the left is the old church; and near the centre of the valley is the new church,—more of a blemish than an adornment, unhappily, from its size and clumsiness, and the bad taste of its architecture. Though placed in a valley, it has a spire,—the appropriate form of churches in a level country; and the spire is of a different color from the rest of the building; and the east window is remarkably ugly. There have been various reductions of the beauty of the valley within twenty years or so; and this latest is the worst, because the most conspicuous. The old church, though not beautiful, is suitable to the position, and venerable by its ancient aspect. It is abundantly large enough for the place, except for a few weeks in summer: but its burial ground, inclosed by



roads on three sides, has for many years been overcrowded. Ten years ago, the state of the churchyard, and the health of the people who lived near it, was such as to make the opening of a new burial-ground a pressing matter; and hence, no doubt, arose the new church, though a larger and more beautiful cemetery might easily have been formed in the neighbourhood.

The descent to all the Ambleside inns is steep, — past the old church, and through a narrow street, and into the space dignified with the name of the market-place, and actually exhibiting an ancient market-cross. Half-a-dozen of the few shops of the town are in or about the market-place, and the Salutation and Commercial Inns and the White Lion, — the three principal inns, are all conspicuous in it. If his time in Ambleside is precious, the stranger may use the sunset or twilight hour for seeing Stockghyll Force, while his supper is preparing. He is directed or guided through the stable-yard of the Salutation Inn, when he passes under a tall grove of old trees on the right hand, the stream being on the left. On the opposite bank is the bobbin-mill, the one industrial establishment of Ambleside, placed there on account of the abundant supply of coppice wood obtainable in the neighbourhood. The stacks of wood are seen, high up on the bank; and the ivy-clad dwelling of the proprietor; and then the great water-wheel, with its attendant spouts and weir, and sound of gushing and falling waters. Where the path forks towards and away from the stream, the visitor must take the left-hand one. The other is the way up Wansfell. His path leads him under trees, and up and



through a charming wood, with the water dashing and brawling further and further below, till his ear catches the sound of the fall: and presently after, the track turns to the left, and brings him to a rocky station whence he has a full view of the force. It is the fashion to speak lightly of this waterfall,—it being within half-a-mile of the inn, and so easily reached; but it is, in our opinion, a very remarkable fall, (from the symmetry of its parts,) and one of the most graceful that can be seen. Its leap, of about seventy feet, is split by a rocky protrusion, and intercepted by a ledge running across; so that there are four falls,—two smaller ones above, answering precisely to each other, and two larger leaps below, no less exactly resembling. The rock which parts them is feathered with foliage; and so are the sides of the ravine. Below, the waters unite in a rocky basin, whence they flow down to the mill, and on in a most picturesque torrent, through a part of Ambleside, and into the meadows, where they make their last spring down a rock near Millar Bridge, and join the Rothay about a mile from the lake.

Supposing the excursion to Patterdale to be left for another day, the stranger will see, after turning into the Ambleside road from Bowness, first, Ibbotsholme, on the right, the residence of Samuel Taylor, Esq., just beyond Troutbeck Bridge. Presently, he will pass on the left hand, the gate of Calgarth, Bishop Watson's house, now inhabited by Edward Swinburne, Esq. Eccleirigg, the residence of Rd. Luther Watson, Esq., comes next: and then Lowwood Inn, Dove's Nest, and Wansfell Holme, and, on the opposite shore, Wray

Castle, all of which have been mentioned as seen from the lake. Clappersgate, with its white houses, nestles under Loughrigg, at the head of the lake; and the Brathay valley, with its pretty little church on its knoll, opens beautifully as seen from the toll-bar. From Water-head to Ambleside, there are residences, humble or handsome, on either hand. The traveller can hardly be wrong in his choice of an inn, as all three are comfortable and well served. At present there are no baths in the place;—a singular deficiency where there is so much of company on the one hand and of water on the other. The inconvenience is, however, in the way of being remedied; and it is to be hoped that another season will not arrive without a provision of this needful refreshment for the dusty and tired traveller,—to say nothing of the residents, who must desire it for purposes of health as well as enjoyment.

## THIRD TOUR.

BY THE VALLEY OF THE BRATHAY, TO HIGH CLOSE, AND DOWN  
RED BANK TO GRASMERE AND EASTHWAITE, AND THENCE BY  
RYDAL TO AMBLESIDE.

MILES.		MILES.
	AMBLESIDE to Skelwith Bridge ... ..	4
2	High Close ... ..	6
1½	Grasmere... ..	7½
2½	Easedale Tarn ... ..	10
2½	Back to Grasmere... ..	12½
4	Ambleside ... ..	16½

The stranger had better take an entire day for this tour also, if he can spare the time, and means to see Easedale at his ease. The distance in miles is not a day's journey ; but there are things to see which deserve a pause.

The road to the right, after leaving the little market place, is the one to be taken. Between Rothay Cottage and Rothay Bank, the residence of John Crosfield, Esq., the road turns upon Rothay Bridge, whence there is a fine view of the valley, with the *cul-de-sac* of Fairfield closing it in to the north. Whether the vapours are gathering and tumbling in that basin, — the recess of Fairfield, — or whether every projection, streak, slide, and mossy tract is clearly visible, that northern barrier is very imposing ; and perhaps most so to those who are most familiar with it, and can read its manifold weather signs and tokens. Between Rothay Bridge and Clap-

persgate is Croft Lodge, the residence of James Holme, Esq. ; — the mansion and its woods being on the right of the road, and the gardens stretching down to the river on the left. Then comes the pretty hamlet of Clappersgate, so conspicuous from the lake ; and two roads branch off, leading along each bank of the river Brathay, and meeting at Skelwith Bridge at the other end of the valley. If the stranger has any thought of ascending Loughrigg, some other day, he may now see, above Clappersgate, the path by which he may ascend or descend ; a zig-zag path up the hill side, leading to the two peaks, crowning the south end of Loughrigg, from between which the most perfect possible view of Windermere is obtained. That cannot, however, be done to-day. The left-hand road should now be taken, crossing Brathay Bridge, and passing the parsonage. When the stranger sees the churchyard gate, he must alight, and walk up to the church. From the rock there he commands the mountain range from Coniston Old Man to the Langdale Pikes : the Brathay flows beneath, through its quiet meadows ; and its dashing among the rocks, just under his feet, catches his ear ; — Loughrigg, with its copses and crags and purple heather, rises immediately before him : and to the right he sees a part of Ambleside nestling between the hills, and a stretch of the lake. This churchyard has the first daffodils and snowdrops on the southern side of its rock ; and, in its copse, the earliest wood anemones. Throughout the valley, spring flowers, and the yellow and white broom abound.

The road ascends and descends abruptly, and winds



towards, and away from, the right bank of the Brathay, till it reaches Skelwith Fold. There the stranger must alight again, and go through a field gate to the right, to a rocky point, where he commands the finest view of the valley and its environs. And again, just before he comes to Skelwith Bridge, he must go through the gap in the wall to the left, and follow the field-track until he comes in sight of Skelwith Force. He will hardly aver that he ever saw a more perfect picture than this, — with the fall in the centre, closed in by rock and wood on either hand, and by the Langdale Pikes behind. Returning to his car, he will next pass over the bridge, and the roaring torrent beneath, and by stacks of wood, — (more coppice wood for another bobbin-mill,) and, turning to the right, will find that he has headed the valley. As he is not going home, however, but to Grasmere, he turns out of the Brathay valley by a steep road on the left, which ascends again and again, leading by farmsteads almost as primitive as those of Troutbeck, and evidently mounting the spurs of Loughrigg, — which he is travelling round to-day, and which must therefore be always on his right hand. After a while, he comes to a sheet of water, so still, if the day be calm, that he might possibly miss it, unless the precision of the reflections should strike his eye. It is more likely, however, to be rippled by some breeze, and to show how deeply blue, or darkly grey, these mountain tarns may be. This is Loughrigg tarn, well known to all readers of Wordsworth. At some little distance beyond it, the stranger must diverge from his road to visit High Close, and see the view which is re-

puted the finest in Westmorland. He may leave his car where the road to High Close ascends to the left, and walk to the farm-house at the top. As there are probably lodgers, he had better not present himself at the garden door, but go on to the farmyard gate, pass through the yard to the field, and walk along the brow till he reaches the grey stone bench. There he is! overlooking "the finest view in Westmorland." To the extreme right, Bowfell closes in the Langdale valley, the head of which is ennobled by the swelling masses of the Pikes. A dark cleft in the nearer one is the place where the celebrated Dungeon Ghyll Force is plunging and foaming, beyond the reach of eye and ear. He can gather from this station, something of the character of Langdale. It has levels, here expanding, there contracting; and the stream winds among them from end to end. There is no lake: and the mountains send out spurs, alternating or meeting, so as to make the levels sometimes circular and sometimes winding. The dwellings are on the rising grounds which skirt the levels; and this, together with the paving of the road below, shows that the valley is subject to floods. The houses, of grey-stone, each on its knoll, with a canopy of firs and sycamores above it, and ferns scattered all around, and ewes and lambs nestling near it, — these primitive farms are cheerful and pleasant objects to look upon, whether from above or passing among them. Nearer at hand are some vast quarries of blue slate. Below, among plantations, are seen the roofs of the Elterwater Powder Mills; whence the road winds through the village of Langdale Chapel, to the margin





GRASMERE, FROM RED BANK.



of the pools which make up the lake. From their opposite shore rise the hills, height above height, — range beyond range. To the left lies Loughrigg Tarn, and, in the distance, Windermere, with Wray Castle prominent on its height, and the Lancashire hills closing in the view. It is a singular prospect, at once noble and lovely; and the comfortable lodgings at High Close farm are in request accordingly.

The car is waiting where the traveller left it; but he had better walk for half-a-mile or so, — the descent of Red Bank being very steep. The great mountain that swells so grandly above the rest before him is Helvellyn. The lake that opens below is Grasmere, with its one island, made up of green slope, black fir clump, and grey barn. At the further end lies the village, with its old square church tower, beneath whose shadow Wordsworth is buried. The white road that winds like a ribbon up and up the gap between Helvellyn and the opposite fells is the mail road to Keswick, and the gap is Dunmail Raise. The remarkable and beautiful hill behind the village is Helm Crag; and its rocky crest forms the group called the Lion and the Lamb. The long white house, near the foot of Helvellyn, is the Swan Inn, whence Scott, Southey, and Wordsworth, set forth on ponies for the ascent of the mountain: and behind it rises the path by which pedestrians come from Grasmere to Patterdale, by the margin of Grisedale tarn, — the mountain tarn of the wild boar, as the words properly signify. To the left of Helm Crag, a deep valley evidently opens. That is Easedale; and there our tourist is to go to-day. Meantime, let him

linger awhile, that he may learn by heart every feature of this gay and lovely scene. The lane he has just passed to the right leads him to the grassy bridle-road called Loughrigg Terrace, whence the best views are obtained of both Grasmere and Rydal lakes, and which leads along the uplands and then by Rydal Lake back to the valley of the Rothay. We must leave it now, and plunge down Red Bank, which has the characteristics of a Norwegian road. At the eistern at the bottom, the stranger enters his ear, and passes farm houses between him and the lake, and villas on the rocky and wooded bank on the left; and, at the eorner, where the road turns to the village, the cluster of lodging-houses, called St. Oswald's, where the Hydropathic Establishment struggled on for a time, but found the Westmorland winters too long for invalids.

The driver must stop at the Red Lion, to order dinner. It is an old-fashioned little place, where the traveller's ehoice is usually between ham and eggs and eggs and ham; with the addition, however, of cheese and oat cake. He goes to the Red Lion now merely because it is on the way to his destination. If he were going to stay at Grasmere, he would take up his abode at the Hotel kept by Mr. Brown. The beauty of the view from that house is evident at a glance; and good accommodations will be found within, with ample means of conveyance of all kinds. Whatever the dinner at the Red Lion is to be, it must not be ready under two or three hours;—rather three than two. He proceeds for a mile between fences before he reaches the opening of Easedale. The gate

and shrubbery to the right are the entrance to Lady Richardson's cottage; and there the regular road ends. The car can go about a mile further along the farm tracks in the valley, through the meadows which yield a coarse hay, and near the stream which is tufted with alders. At the farm house where the car stops, the people will shew the stranger the way he must go, — past the plantation, and up the hill side, where he will find the track that will guide him up to the waterfall, — the foaming cataract which is seen all over the valley, and is called Sour Milk Ghyll Foree. The water and the track together will shew him the way to the tarn, which is the source of the stream. Up and on he goes, over rock and through wet moss, with long stretches of dry turf and purple heather; and at last, when he is heated and breathless, the dark cool recess opens in which lies Easedale Tarn. Perhaps there is an angler standing besides the great boulder on the brink. Perhaps there is a shepherd lying among the ferns. But more probably the stranger finds himself perfectly alone. There is perhaps nothing in natural scenery which conveys such an impression of stillness as tarns which lie under precipices: and here the rocks sweep down to the brink almost round the entire margin. For hours together the deep shadows move only like the gnomon of the sundial; and, when movement occurs, it is not such as disturbs the sense of repose; — the dimple made by a restless fish or fly, or the gentle flow of water in or out; or the wild drake and his brood, paddling so quietly as not to break up the mirror, or the reflection of some touch of sunlight, or passing shadow.



If there is commotion from gusts or eddies of wind, the effect is even more remarkable. Little white clouds are driven against the rocks, — the spray is spilled in unexpected places; now the precipices are wholly veiled, and there is nothing but the ruffled water to be seen: and again, in an instant, the rocks are disclosed so fearfully that they seem to be crowding together to crush the intruder. If this seems to the inexperienced like extravagance, let him go alone to Easedale Tarn, or to Angle Tarn on Bowfell, on a gusty day, and see what he will find.

After his return to the Red Lion, and his dinner, the stranger will go to the churchyard. In the church is a medallion portrait of Wordsworth, accompanied by an inscription adapted from a dedication of Mr. Keble's. The simple and modest tombstone in the churchyard will please him better. At present it bears only the name of the poet, — in his case, an all-sufficient memorial: but it is understood that some dates and other particulars will be filled in hereafter. Beside him lies his only daughter, and next to her, her husband, — whose first wife is next him on the other side. Some other children of Wordsworth, who died young, are buried near; and one grandchild. Close behind the family group lies Hartley Coleridge, at whose funeral the white-haired Wordsworth attended, not very long before his own death. This spot, under the yews, besides the gushing Rothay and encircled by green mountains, is a fitting resting-place for the poet of the region. He chose it himself; and every one rejoices that he did.



Just after entering the mail road, the driver will point out the cottage in which the poet and his sister lived, many long years ago, when Scott was their guest. Several good houses have sprung up near it, within a few years. The promontory which here causes the lake to contract to the little river (which is called the Rothay in all the intervals of the chain of lakes,) may be passed in three ways. The mail road runs round its point, and therefore keeps beside the water;—the Roman road, where the Wishing Gate used to be, crosses it by a rather steep ascent and descent;—and a shorter road still, steeper and boggy, cuts across its narrowest part, and comes out at the Rydal Quarries. Our traveller will take the mail road, probably. It will soon bring him to Rydal Lake; and he cannot but think the valley very lovely in the summer afternoon. On the opposite side of the lake is Loughrigg, with its terrace-walk distinctly visible half-way up. The islands are wooded; and on one of them is a heronry; and the grey bird, with its long flapping wings, is most likely visible, either in flight, or perched on a tree near its nest, or fishing in the shallows. Nab Scar, the blunt end of Fairfield, which overlooks the road and the lake, is very fine with its water-worn channels, its wood, and grey rocks. Nab Cottage, the humble white house by the road side, and on the margin of the lake, is the place where Hartley Coleridge lived and died. In the distance, Ivy Cottage peeps out of the green; and further on, Rydal Chapel rises out of the foliage on the verge of the park.

When the turn to the left, which leads up to that

chapel, is reached, the stranger must alight, and ascend it. He is ascending Rydal Mount: and Wordsworth's house is at the top of the hill,—within the modest gate on the left. If the family should be absent, the traveller may possibly obtain entrance, and stand on the mossgrown eminence, (like a little Roman camp,) in front of the house, whence he may view the whole valley of the Rothay to the utmost advantage. Windermere in the distance is, as Wordsworth used to say, a light thrown into the picture, in the winter season, and, in summer, a beautiful feature, changing with every hue of the sky. The whole garden is a true poet's garden; its green hollows, its straight terraces, bordered with beds of periwinkle, and tall foxgloves, purple and white,—(the white being the poet's favourite); and then the summer house,—(now, however, damp and dreary, with the fircones that line it dropping out of their places); and then the opening of the door, which discloses the other angle of the prospect,—Rydal Pass, with the lake lying below. Every resident in the neighbourhood thinks the situation of his own house the best: but most agree that Wordsworth's comes next. We should say that Wordsworth's came next to Mr. Sheldon's at Miller Brow, but for the great disadvantage of the long and steep ascent to it. That ascent is a serious last stage of a walk on a hot summer day; but the privileges of the spot, when once reached, are almost incomparable.

The guide to the Rydal Falls will by this time have presented herself, and the tourist must visit them. They are within the park, and cannot be seen without

a guide : but some one is always to be found at one of the two guides' cottages on the ascent of the hill. The upper fall is the finest, in the eyes of those who prefer the most natural accessories of a cascade : but the lower is the one generally represented by artists, — the summer-house from which it is viewed affording an admirable picture-frame, and the basin of rock, and the bridge above, constituting, in truth, a very perfect picture. When there is a dash of sunshine on the verdure, behind and under the bridge, to contrast with the shadowy basin and pool of the fall, the subject is tempting enough to the artist.

These falls seen, the tourist need alight from his car no more, for he is only a mile and a-half from Ambleside. He presently passes Pelter Bridge, which spans the Rothay on the right. That is the way to Fox How : and he presently sees Fox How, — the grey house embosomed in trees, — at the foot of Loughrigg. He must not mistake for it the gem of a house that he sees, — the cream-coloured one, veiled in roses, with the conservatories beside it, just under the wooded precipice : — that is Foxghyll, the residence of Hornby Roughsedge, Esq. To the left, there are good views of Rydal Park. Approaching Ambleside, the first house to the left is Lesketh How, the residence of Dr. Davy : the white house to the right is Tranby Lodge, the abode of Alfred Barkworth, Esq. : and the house on the rising ground behind the chapel is the Knoll, the residence of Miss. H. Martineau. The gates on the left are those of Green Bank, the estate of Benson Harrison, Esq. : and the pretty cottage next reached on the same

side is that of James C. Wilson, Esq., called Low Nook. The stream to the right is the Stock, making its way to the river: and the odd little grey dwelling built above it is the ancient house which is considered the most curious relic in Ambleside of the olden time. The view of the mill and the rocky channel of the Stock on the left of the bridge is the one which every artist sketches as he passes by; and if there is in the Exhibition in London, in any year, a view at Ambleside, it is probably this. The Kirkstone road now joins the mail road, and the tourist finds himself on old ground, — in Ambleside market-place.



## A DAY ON THE MOUNTAINS.

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The stranger has now made his three tours. There is one thing more that he must do before he goes on into Cumberland. He must spend a day on the Mountains: and if alone, so much the better. If he knows what it is to spend a day so far above the every-day world, he is aware that it is good to be alone, (unless there is danger in the case); and, if he is a novice, let him try whether it be not so. Let him go forth early, with a stout stick in his hand, provision for the day in his knapsack or his pocket; and, if he chooses, a book: but we do not think he will read to-day. A map is essential, to explain to him what he sees: and it is very well to have a pocket compass, in case of sudden fog, or any awkward doubt about the way. In case of an ascent of a formidable mountain, like Scawfell or Helvellyn, it is rash to go without a guide: but our tourist shall undertake something more moderate, and reasonably safe, for a beginning.

What mountain shall it be? He might go up Blackcombe, on his way to or from Furness: and from thence he might see, in fair weather, as Wordsworth tells us, "a more extensive view than from any other point in Britain," — seven English counties, and seven

Scotch, a good deal of Wales, the Isle of Man, and in some lucky moment, just before sunrise (as the Ordnance surveyors say) the coast of Ireland. This is very fine; but it is hardly what is looked for in the lake district, — the sea being the main feature. He might go up the Old Man from Coniston; but there are the copper works, and there is the necessity of a guide: and it is a long way to go for the day's treat. If he ascends the Langdale Pikes, it had better be from some interior station; and the rest of the great peaks will be best commanded from Keswick. Of those within reach of Ambleside, which shall it be? Loughrigg is very easy and very charming; but it is not commanding enough. From the surrounding heights it looks like a mere rambling hill. Wansfell is nearest, and also easy and safe. It may be reached by a charming walk from Low Wood Inn, and descended by the Stockghyll lane, above Ambleside. The immediate neighbourhood is mapped out below; and there is a long and wide opening to the south: but to the north-east, and everywhere round the head of the lake, the view is stopped, first by Nab Scar, and then by other heights. Why should it not be Nab Scar itself? or, the whole of Fairfield? That excursion is safe, not over fatiguing, practicable for a summer day, and presenting scenery as characteristic as can be found. Let it be Fairfield.

The stranger should ascend to the ridge, either through Rydal forest, (for which leave is requisite, and not always easily obtained,) or by the road to the Nook which anybody will shew him. The Nook is a farmhouse in a glorious situation as he will

see when he gets there and steps into the field on the left, to look abroad from the brow. He then passes under its old trees to where the voice of falling waters calls him onward. Scandale Beck comes tumbling down its rocky channel, close at hand. He must cross the bridge, and follow the cart-road, which brings him out at once upon the fells. What he has to aim at is the ridge above Rydal forest or park, from whence his way is plain, — round the whole *cul-de-sac* of Fairfield, to Nab Scar. He sees it all; and the only thing is to do it: and we know of no obstacle to his doing it, unless it be the stone wall which divides the Scandale from the Rydal side of the ridge. These stone walls are an inconvenience to pedestrians, and a great blemish in the eyes of strangers. In the first place, however, it is to be said that an open way is almost invariably left, up every mountain, if the rover can but find it; and, in the next place, the ugliness of these climbing fences disappears marvellously when the stranger learns how they came there. — In the old times, when there were wolves, and when the abbots of the surrounding Norman monasteries encouraged their tenants to approach nearer and nearer to the Saxon fastnesses, the shepherds were allowed to inclose crofts about their hillside huts, for the sake of browsing their flocks on the sprouts of the ash and holly with which the hillsides were then wooded, and of protecting the sheep from the wolves which haunted the thickets. The inclosures certainly spread up the mountain sides, at this day, to a height where they would not be seen if ancient custom had not drawn the lines which are thus preserved; and it



appears, from historical testimony, that these fences existed before the fertile valleys were portioned out among many holders. Higher and higher ran these stone inclosures, — threading the woods, and joining on upon the rocks. Now, the woods are for the most part gone; and the walls offend and perplex the stranger's eye and mind by their unsightliness and apparent uselessness; but it is a question whether, their origin once known, they would be willingly parted with, — reminding us as they do of the times when the tenants of the abbots or military nobles formed a link between the new race of inhabitants and the Saxon remnant of the old. One of these walls it is which runs along the ridge and bounds Rydal Park. There may be a gate in it; or one which enables the stranger to get round it. If not, he must get over it; and, if he does so, high enough up, it may save him another climb. The nearer the ridge, the fewer the remaining walls between him and liberty. Once in the forest, Christopher North's advice comes into his mind, — unspoiled by the fear, only too reasonable in the lower part of the park, — of being turned out of the paradise, very summarily. "The sylvan, or rather, the forest scenery of Rydal Park," says Professor Wilson, "was, in the memory of living man, magnificent; and it still contains a treasure of old trees. By all means wander away into these old woods, and lose yourself for an hour or two among the cooing of cushats and the shrill shriek of startled blackbirds, and the rustle of the harmless glow-worm among the last year's beech leaves. No very great harm should you even fall asleep under the shadow of



an oak, whilst the magpie chatters at safe distance, and the more innocent squirrel peeps down upon you from a bough of the canopy, and then, hoisting his tail, glides into the obscurity of the loftiest umbrage." — Ascending from these shades through a more straggling woodland, the stranger arrives at a clump on the ridge, — the last clump, and thenceforth feels himself wholly free. His foot is on the springy mountain moss ; and many a cushion of heather tempts him to sit down and look abroad. There may still be a frightened cow or two, wheeling away, with tail aloft, as he comes onwards ; and a few sheep are still crouching in the shadows of the rocks, or staring at him from the knolls. If he plays the child and bleats, he will soon see how many there are. It is one of the amusements of a good mimic in such places to bring about him all the animals there are, by imitating their cries. One may assemble a flock of sheep, and lead them far out of bounds in this way ; and bewildered enough they look when the bleat ceases, and they are left to find their way back again. It is in such places as this that the truth of some of Wordsworth's touches may be recognised, which are most amusing to cockney readers. Perhaps no passage has been more ridiculed than that which tells of the "solemn bleat" of

"a lamb left somewhere to itself,

The plaintive spirit of the solitude."

The laughers are thinking of a cattle market, or a flock of sheep on a dusty road ; and they know nothing of the effect of a single bleat of a stray lamb high up on the mountains. If they had ever felt the profound

stillness of the higher fells, or heard it broken by the plaintive cry, repeated and not answered, they would be aware that there is a true solemnity in the sound.

Still further on, when the sheep are all left behind, he may see a hawk perched upon a great boulder. He will see it take flight when he comes near, and cleave the air below him, and hang above the woods, — to the infinite terror, as he knows, of many a small creature there, and then whirl away to some distant part of the park. Perhaps a heavy buzzard may rise, flapping, from its nest on the moor, or pounce from a crag in the direction of any water-birds that may be about the springs and pools in the hills. There is no other sound, unless it be the hum of the gnats in the hot sunshine. There is an aged man in the district, however, who hears more than this, and sees more than people below would, perhaps, imagine. An old shepherd has the charge of four rain guages which are set up on four ridges, — desolate, misty spots, sometimes below and often above the clouds. He visits each once a month, and notes down what these guages record ; and when the tall old man, with his staff, passes out of sight into the cloud, or among the cresting rocks, it is a striking thought that science has set up a tabernacle in these wildernesses, and found a priest among the shepherds. That old man has seen and heard wonderful things : — has trod upon rainbows, and been waited upon by a dim retinue of spectral mists. He has seen the hail and the lightnings go forth as from under his hand, and has stood in the sunshine, listening to the thunder growling, and the tempest bursting beneath his feet.

He well knows the silence of the hills, and all the solemn ways in which that silence is broken. The stranger, however, coming hither on a calm summer day may well fancy that a silence like this can never be broken.

Looking abroad, what does he see? The first impression probably is of the billowy character of the mountain groups around and below him. This is perhaps the most striking feature of such a scene to a novice; and the next is the flitting character of the mists. One ghostly peak after another seems to rise out of its shroud; and then the shroud winds itself round another. Here the mist floats over a valley; there it reeks out of a chasm: here it rests upon a green slope; there it curls up a black precipice. The sunny vales below look like a paradise, with their bright meadows and waters and shadowy woods, and little knots of villages. To the south there is the glittering sea; and the estuaries of the Leven and Duddon, with their stretches of yellow sands. To the east there is a sea of hill tops. On the north, Ullswater appears, grey and calm at the foot of black precipices; and nearer may be traced the whole pass from Patterdale, where Brothers' Water lies invisible from hence. The finest point of the whole excursion is about the middle of the *cul-de-sac*, where, on the northern sides, there are tremendous precipices, overlooking Deepdale, and other sweet recesses far below. Here, within hearing of the torrents which tumble from those precipices, the rover should rest. He will see nothing so fine as the contrast of this northern view with the long green slope on the other side, down to the source of Rydal



Beck, and then down and down to Rydal Woods and Mount. He is now 2,950 feet above the sea level ; and he has surely earned his meal. If the wind troubles him, he can doubtless find a sheltered place under a rock. If he can sit on the bare ridge, he is the more fortunate.

The further he goes, the more amazed he is at the extent of the walk, which looked such a trifle from below. Waking out of a reverie, an hour after dinner, he sees that the sun is some way down the western sky. He hastens on, not heeding the boggy spaces, and springing along the pathless heather and moss, seeing more and more lakes and tarns every quarter of an hour. In the course of the day he sees ten. Windermere, and little Blelham Tarn beyond, he saw first. Ullswater was below him to the north when he dined ; and, presently after, a tempting path guided his eye to Grisedale Tarn, lying in the pass from Patterdale to Grasmere. Here are four. Next, comes Grasmere, with Easedale Tarn above it, in its mountain hollow : then Rydal, of course, at his feet ; and Elterwater beyond the western ridges ; and finally, to the south-west, Esthwaite Water and Coniston. There are the ten. Eight of these may be seen at once from at least one point — Nab Scar, whence he must take his last complete survey ; for from hence he must plunge down the steep slope, and bid farewell to all that lies behind the ridge. The day has gone like an hour. The sunshine is leaving the surface of the nearer lakes, and the purple bloom of the evening is on the further mountains ; and the gushes of yellow light between the



western passes show that sunset is near. He must hasten down, — mindful of the opening between the fences, which he remarked from below, and which, if he finds, he cannot lose his way. He does not seriously lose his way, though crag and bog make him diverge now and then. Descending between the inclosures, he sits down once or twice, to relieve the fatigue to the ankle and instep of so continuous a descent, and to linger a little over the beauty of the evening scene. As he comes down into the basin where Rydal Beck makes its last gambols and leaps, before entering the park, he is sensible of the approach of night. Loughrigg seems to rise : the hills seem to close him in, and the twilight to settle down. He comes to a gate, and finds himself in the civilised world again. He descends the green lane at the top of Rydal Mount, comes out just above Wordsworth's gate, finds his car at the bottom of the hill, — (the driver beginning to speculate on whether any accident has befallen the gentleman on the hills,) — is driven home, and is amazed, on getting out, to find how stiff and tired he is. He would not, however, but have spent such a day for ten times the fatigue. He will certainly ascend Helvellyn, and every other mountain that comes in his way.



# EXCURSIONS TO AND FROM KESWICK.

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## FROM THE SWAN INN, GRASMERE, TO KESWICK.

MILES.		MILES.
	Swan Inn, GRASMERE, to Tollbar ... ..	1 $\frac{1}{2}$
1 $\frac{1}{4}$	Dunmail Raise ... ..	2 $\frac{1}{2}$
1	Horse Head Inn, Wythburn, & Helvellyn ...	3 $\frac{1}{2}$
$\frac{3}{4}$	Thirlmere Lake ... ..	4 $\frac{1}{2}$
3	Legberthwaite ... ..	7 $\frac{1}{4}$
3 $\frac{1}{2}$	Summit of Castlerigg... ..	10 $\frac{3}{4}$
1 $\frac{1}{2}$	KESWICK ... ..	12

Tollbar. — From this point the road rises in a steep though gradual ascent to an elevation of 720 feet. On the right hand will be seen Fairfield and Seat Sandal, and left, Helm Crag, a singularly-shaped hill, affording from its summit a delightful prospect. The curious appearance presented by its rugged apex has given rise to some fanciful comparisons. Seen from one part of the valley it strikingly resembles a lion couchant, with a lamb lying at its nose: from another, an old woman cowering. Wordsworth in his “Johanna,” designates it as

“That ancient woman seated on Helm Crag.”

And again, in the “Waggoner,” thus alludes to this singular appearance, giving, as will be seen, a companion to the Ancient Woman.

"The Astrologer, sage Sidrophel,  
 Where at his desk he nightly sits,  
 Puzzling on high his curious wits ;  
 He, whose domain is held in common,  
 With no one but the ancient woman :  
 Cowering beside her rightful cell,  
 As if intent on magic spell.  
 Dread pair, that, spite of wind and weather,  
 Still sit upon Helm Crag together !"

Dunmail Raise. — This celebrated pass admits the traveller into Cumberland. A Cairn, or pile of stones, is said by tradition, to have been raised here, in the year 945, by Edmund, the Anglo Saxon King, in commemoration of a victory gained over Dunmail, the British King of Cumbria. The British King was slain here, and his territory given to Malcolm, King of Scotland. Part of this cairn still remains.

"They now have reached that pile of stones  
 Heap'd over brave King Dunmail's bones :  
 He who once held supreme command,  
 Last King of rocky Cumberland ;  
 His bones, and those of all his power,  
 Slain here in a disastrous hour." — WORDSWORTH.

Horse Head Inn, Wythburn. — Opposite the inn stands the small chapel described by Wordsworth as

"Wythburn's modest house of prayer,  
 As lonely as the lowliest dwelling."

The small hamlet is Wythburn village, locally termed the "city."

The road passes along the base of the mighty Helvellyn. The ascent of Helvellyn is very frequently commenced from the Horse Head Inn : the distance



from this point being shorter than from any other station; though the acclivity, it should be mentioned, is so steep as to render the attempt, as an equestrian feat to be attended with some degree of danger if not provided with a guide and a sure-footed pony.

Thirlmere Lake or Wythburn Water, or, as it is sometimes called, Leathes Water. — An irregular area of water measuring in length about two and a-half miles, narrowing in its middle part to a channel, over which is thrown a wooden bridge. Some grandly-frowning precipices overhang the eastern side of the lake. Eagle Crag at its upper, and Raven Crag at its lower, or north end, form distinguished features in the scene.

King's Head Inn. — At the sixth milestone from Grasmere, a divergence from the main road to the left, will carry the pedestrian over the wooden bridge, crossing to the western shore, rejoining the turnpike near the fourth milestone. To the picturesque scenery of Thirlmere and its adjuncts, full appreciation can only be given by making this *detour*.

Losing sight of the lake for a time, on descending into the vale of Legberthwaite, a noble view, stretching down the vales of Legberthwaite and St. John's, reveals itself; on the right an extension of the Helvellyn range; and on the left, the rocky fells of Naddle, bound in the scene; whilst Blencathra, with its furrowed front and peculiarly-shaped summit, which has given to it the more modern name of Saddleback, stands out in the distance, forming an admirable back-ground. Green Crag, better known perhaps by its classic name of the

“Castle Rock,” is situated at the entrance of the valley of St. John, to the right. It is the scene of Sir Walter Scott’s charming romance of the “Bride of Triermain,” though its magic halls have long since melted away, its massive walls and turrets still remain, for

“When a pilgrim strays  
In morning mist, or evening maze,  
Along the mountain lone,  
That fairy fortress often mocks  
His gaze upon the castled rocks  
Of the valley of St. John.”

Smaithwaite Bridge. — Here the tourist will cross over St. John’s beck, which issues from Thirlmere, and pass Shoulthwaite Moss. In three and a-half miles, the summit of Castlerigg is reached. The descent from which hill unfolds without exception, the richest mountain scenery in England.

#### KESWICK.

Keswick forms a good central station from which the northern Lakes’ District may be conveniently visited. The Hotels are Royal Oak, Queen’s Head, George, King’s Arms, &c. Staple Manufactory — Blacklead Pencils and Woollen Goods. The Institutions, Public Buildings, &c., are Keswick Library, 2,000 volumes; Mechanics’ Institution, 500 volumes, with newspapers, periodicals, &c.; and the Gentlemen’s and Tradesmen’s News Room. Population in 1851, 2,618.

The Parish Church of Crosthwaite, distant about three-quarters of a mile from the town, in a northerly

direction, is an ancient structure, dedicated to St. Kentigern, alias St. Mungo. The interior was restored in 1845, at an expense of £4,500, principally defrayed by James Stanger, Esq., Lairthwaite. The mortal remains of Robert Southey, late poet-laureate, are interred in the churchyard. In the church is placed a full-length recumbent figure of the poet, in white marble, from the studio of Lough. Here also is an ancient monument of the Radcliffe family, beneath which repose two full-length figures of a knight and lady. The baptismal font in use, evidently belongs to a remote period, and forms an interesting object of study to the antiquarian.

Crosthwaite's Museum contains a variety of ancient British, Roman, Saxon, and Norman antiquities, found chiefly in Cumberland and Westmorland; numerous specimens of rocks, minerals, plants, &c., illustrating the natural history of the district; Roman and early English coins; both home and foreign curiosities; manuscript and black-letter volumes; also some good specimens of early typography.

Greta Hall, for upwards of forty years the residence of Southey, stands on rising ground about 200 yards to the right of the bridge crossing the Greta, at the northern extremity of the town.

An inspection of the Pencil Mills will well repay a visit.

St. John's Church, situate at the upper end of the town, was erected in 1839 by the late John Marshall, Esq., M.P., Leeds, at a cost of £6,000. Mr. Marshall's remains, as well as those of the Rev. Frederick Myers, the late revered incumbent, repose in the interior. At



a short distance is the Parsonage, the residence of the present incumbent, the Rev. T. D. H. Battersby, M.A.

Flintoft's Model is on view daily at the Town Hall, constructed on a scale of three inches to a mile: measures twelve feet nine inches by nine feet three inches, including the whole of the Lake District, and is beautifully coloured after nature. To the tourist this specimen of geographical modelling is peculiarly interesting. Drs. Buckland, Dalton, Professor Sedgwick, and a host of other scientific men have borne testimony to its perfect accuracy as a work of art.

The Druid's Temple, situate one and a-half miles from Keswick, a little to the right of the old road leading to Penrith, consists of rough unhewn stones, forty-eight in number, describing a figure approaching in form to an oval: with a rectangular recess on the east side, formed of lesser stones. The site is of commanding elevation, and affords a fine view of mountain scenery: the whole of Skiddaw, Blencathra, and Helvellyn ranges presenting themselves prominently before the eye of the spectator.

Castlehead Rock is within a quarter of a mile of the town, and commands an extensive view of Derwent Lake, vale, and surrounding mountains.

Walla Crag is a still more commanding eminence, overlooking the whole valley. To those who do not make the ascent of Skiddaw, a visit to this place is strongly recommended.







DERWENT WATER, FROM CASTLE HEAD.

## CIRCUIT OF DERWENT LAKE FROM KESWICK.

MILES.		MILES.
	KESWICK to Barrow House ... ..	2
1	Lodore Hotel ... ..	3
1	Village of Grange ... ..	4
1	Bowder Stone ... ..	5
1	Return to Grange ... ..	6
4½	Portinscale ... ..	10½
1	Keswick ... ..	11½

Lake Derwent approaches in form the oval ; measuring in length about three miles, from north to south, by one mile in breadth. Lord's Island, formerly the property of the Earls of Derwentwater, is the largest, containing an area of about six acres. The castle was destroyed consequent on the attainder of the last Earl, in 1,715, and the estates forfeited to the crown, by whom they were presented to Greenwich Hospital. The crumbled foundation walls of this once princely mansion are all that are now visible. Vicar's Isle is the summer residence of Henry C. Marshall, Esq., of Leeds. St. Herbert's Isle is famous as the retreat of the saint from whom it derives its name. He died in the year 687. The cell of the recluse is still pointed out. The other Islets are Rampsholme, two Lingholms, Tripetholm, and Otter Isle. The royalty of the lake is held by Reginald D. Marshall, Esq., General Wyndham, Rowland P. Standish, Esq., and the freeholders of Borrowdale.

On the left, two miles from Keswick, Barrow House, the abode of S. Z. Langton, Esq., J.P., will be passed. One of the finest cascades in the district is situate behind this residence ; the fall is over two successive ledges of rock, in all 124 feet high. By applying at the lodge, visitors are permitted to pass through the grounds to the cascade

In another mile, Lodore Hotel is reached. Behind the hotel is the celebrated waterfall of Lodore, formed by the stream descending from the valley of Watendlath, and falling between two gigantic rocks — Gowdar Crag on the left and Shepherd's Crag on the right. From the top of the fall, a beautiful view of the lake and vale below will be enjoyed. The water falls, in a succession of leaps or bounds, a height of 120 feet.

One mile above Grange, at the foot of the Borrowdale valley, stands, on a high natural platform, Bowder Stone, a huge fragment of rock, evidently displaced from the precipices above, and poised here, on plain ground, upon one of its angles, similar to a ship resting upon its keel. A pleasant glimpse into the interior of Borrowdale is obtained from the summit of this rock. Upon this account it is generally visited by those who do not intend to explore the valley itself. On the opposite side of the river to Bowder Stone, rises Castle Crag, a high rock, almost detached from the surrounding mountains, and said to have been used as a natural fortress, first by the Romans, then the Saxons, and afterwards the Furness Monks, to whom all Borrowdale was given, it is supposed, by one of the Derwentwater family. Relics found there at various periods, strengthen this supposition.

Return to Grange, cross the bridge over the river Derwent, and pass through the village to the western shore of the lake.

Derwentwater Bay, the residence of Major General Sir John Woodford, stands at the head of the bay, embowered in wood.



FROM KESWICK BY BORROWDALE, TO BUTTERMERE.

A mile from Bowder Stone, the village of Rosthwaite is reached. The view from here is bounded on all sides by lofty mountains of rugged aspect, among which may be more especially noted, in front, Glaramara, Scawfell Pikes, Scawfell and Great Gavel. Half-a-mile beyond the village, and near to the chapel, a track strikes off to the left, leading through Stonethwaite Village; thence through the wild and cheerless vale of Langstreth, over the mountain pass known as the Stake, into the vale of Langdale. The entrance into Cumberland or Westmorland, by this route, according as the traveller is proceeding north or south, is frequently preferred by pedestrians, and, when the weather is suitable, amply repays the bodily fatigue of the journey, by the majestic solitude of the scenery it affords. Following the road to the right, we pass into the vale of Seathwaite, as far as Seatollar, a neat looking substantial building, the residence of Abraham Fisher, Esq., J.P. Here another track strikes off to the left, leading to Wastwater by Sty Head, passing the celebrated Blacklead Mines. The rock in which this ore is found is termed, by the most approved geologists, a grey porphyritic felspar, and, unlike other ore, is found lying embedded in, what is termed by the workmen, sops or bellies, rather than in continuous veins. The mine has now been closed for some time, on account of the unproductive yield of late years. In this vicinity stands a remarkable group of yew trees, — four of larger size, with several others of lesser growth. Of the former, one which, for its vigour and size, ranks among

the finest specimens in England, measures twenty-one feet in circumference, at a height of four feet from the ground. In the "Excursion," Wordsworth thus commemorates these remarkable trees. After noticing the large yew, the "pride of Lorton vale," he proceeds :

Worthier still of note  
Are those fraternal four of Borrowdale,  
Joined in one solemn and capacious grove ;  
Huge trunks ! and each particular trunk a growth  
Of intertwined fibres serpentine,  
Up-coiling and inveterately convolved, —  
Not uninform'd with phantasy, and looks  
That threaten the profane : — a pillar'd shade,  
Upon whose grassless floor of red-brown hue,  
By sheddings from the piring umbrage tinged  
Perennially — beneath whose sable roof  
Of boughs, as if for festal purpose, deck'd  
With unrejoicing berries, ghostly shapes  
May meet at noontide — Fear, and trembling Hope,  
Silence, and Foresight — Death the skeleton,  
And Time, the shadow, there to celebrate,  
As in a natural temple, scattered o'er  
With altars undisturb'd of mossy stone,  
United, worship ; or, in mute repose,  
To lie and listen to the mountain flood  
Murmuring from Glaramara's inmost caves.

From Seatollar, the Buttermere road ascends over rough and steep ground, by the side of a stream or ghyll, to the summit of the hause or pass, a height of 800 feet above the Lake Derwent, and 1,100 feet above the level of the sea. Some beautiful retrospective views of the receding valley of Borrowdale, and the

mountains emerging upon the sight, will be enjoyed in the lingering ascent. Helvellyn is seen to the east, rearing his head over the Watendlath mountains.

The descent into the head of the dale of Buttermere is rapid, passing between Honister Crag, on the left, and Yew Crag on the right, both of which yield, from several quarries, blue roofing slate of the finest quality, and the former of which rises from the dale to an elevation of 1,700 feet. The road crosses and re-crosses twice the descending rivulet, until it reaches Gatesgarth, a farm-building placed "under the most extraordinary amphitheatre of mountainous rocks that ever eye beheld," and thence bordering, for some distance, the shore of the lake. Hasness, a sheltered retreat, the residence of General Benson, is passed on the left, shortly after which the hamlet of Buttermere is reached. From the Inn at Buttermere a visit to Scale force is generally made. This is the highest waterfall in the English Lakes' District, the water falling, in one clear bound, from a height of 156 feet, in another, 44 feet.

"It springs, at once, with sudden leap,  
Down from the immeasurable steep,  
From rock to rock, with shivering force rebounding."

Buttermere Lake measures in length about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles, by half-a-mile in breadth. A stream connects it with Crummock Lake, which last measures about three miles in length, by three-quarters of a mile broad. Both lakes are famed for the quality of their trout and char.

The return to Keswick from Buttermere may be made either by way of Buttermere Hause, through the



peaceful vale of Newlands, a distance of nine miles, or by way of Scale Hill, the head of Lorton Vale and Whinlatter. Both routes equally afford a pleasing variety of vale and mountain scenery.

FROM KESWICK TO WASTWATER, BY STY HEAD.

MILES.		MILES.
	KESWICK to Grange Bridge ... ..	4
2	Rosthwaite ... ..	6
1½	Seatoller Bridge ... ..	7½
1	Seathwaite ... ..	8½
2¾	Styhead Tarn ... ..	11¾
¾	Styhead ... ..	12
2	Wastdale Head ... ..	14
1	Head of Wastwater ... ..	15
1½	Netherbeck Bridge ... ..	16½
3½	Strand's Public House ... ..	20
4	Gosforth ... ..	24
3	Calder Bridge ... ..	27

This excursion is usually made with a guide and ponies. The road, as far as Seatoller, has been already described. A conveyance is sometimes taken as far as Seathwaite; beyond this, however, the road becomes a mere mountain track, fit only for ponies accustomed to the work.

Sty Head is a magnificent mountain pass, the highest part of which is 1,250 feet above the nearest dwelling-house. Two sheets of water crown its summit—Sty Head Tarn, close by which the road passes, and Sprinkling Tarn, some half-a-mile further to the east; beyond the former, the bold and lofty crag of Great End rises abruptly on the left, and still further south, the Pikes of Scawfell. Great Gable is seen on the right. From this place a steep winding path descends rapidly to Wasdale Head, a small upland valley, of some few hundred acres, at the head of Wastwater, and inhabited by a few families, chiefly engaged in sheep farming.



From the village of Wasdale the road approaches the Lake, along the margin of which it passes to the Strands, where are two small inns, affording refreshment to tourists. Wastwater is about three and a-half miles in length and half-a-mile broad; it is remarkable for the depth and purity of its waters, which have never been known to freeze over. It is well stocked with trout, and also contains char. The mountains surrounding it are lofty and majestic. The Screes is a loose mass of shivering rock, extending along the whole length of the south-east shore and shelving into the water. The vicinity affords, from different points, some striking mountain scenes. From Strands to Gosforth is a distance of four miles, whence an additional three miles brings the tourist to Calder Bridge, where there are two excellent inns. Here lodgings are usually taken for the night. A pleasant walk of three-quarters of a mile along the banks of the river Calder will enable the reader to visit the venerable ruins of Calder Abbey. It formerly belonged to the Cistercian Monks, for whom it was founded A.D. 1,134, by the second Ranulph des Meschines.

The return to Keswick will be best made by Ennerdale Bridge, Lamplugh Cross, Loweswater and Scale Hill, a distance of thirty miles. During this second day's journey much pleasing variety of country will be passed through.

#### THE CIRCUIT OF BASSENTHWAITE LAKE.

This lake measures four miles in length, and, in some parts, about one mile in breadth. It lies three miles to

the north of Lake Derwent, with which it is connected by the River Derwent. A pleasant drive of eighteen miles may be made round it. The approach is generally preferred by the western shore. This is made by the Cockermouth road as far as Peel Wyke, passing through the pleasant village of Portinscale, the townships of Braithwaite and Thornthwaite, thence through Wythop Woods. The northern end of the lake is rounded by crossing Ouse Bridge, and proceeding by Armathwaite Hall, the seat of Sir F. Vane, to Castle Inn. From this place the road takes a southerly direction, passing through the rich and fertile vale of Bassenthwaite, thence for some distance along the foot of Skiddaw to Keswick.

## ASCENT OF SKIDDAW.

If the weather be at all propitious, no stranger should leave Keswick without making a mountain ascent. Skiddaw is generally preferred, on account of the short distance from the town, and the comparative ease with which the journey may be made, either on foot or in the saddle. At the Penrith tollbar, about half-a-mile to the east of Keswick, the road crosses the Greta. Opposite Greta Bank, turn to the left, thence wind round Latrigg, to the point where the ascent commences. The path runs parallel with a wall for a considerable distance up the steepest part of the mountain; afterwards, however, leaving the wall to the right, a direct line forward leads to an almost level tract of moor, from which further progress is of gradual ascent. Half-a-dozen different summits, each marked by a pile of stones, and each pre-

senting varying and peculiar views, are passed before gaining the highest point. The view from this place must be seen to be appreciated, — no description could make it understood. Skiddaw, it should be stated, stands at an elevation of 3,022 feet above the sea level. The distance of its highest point is six miles from Keswick.

FROM KESWICK, BY ULLSWATER, TO PATTERDALE.

The approach to Ullswater may be made from Keswick by several different routes. The pedestrian might take the Ambleside road for about four and three-quarter miles, and then, turning to the left, pursue a foot-path passing over the north shoulder of Helvellyn, making the descent by way of Greenside Lead Mines; or, at the third milestone on the Penrith road, a bridle-road leads, by way of Wanthwaite, to Hilltop and Threlkeld Pasture, to Dockray.

Taking, however, the usual route, a distance of four and a-half miles on the Penrith road brings the traveller to the village of Threlkeld, a little beyond which, to the right, is situated Threlkeld Hall, once the residence of Sir Lancelot Threlkeld, knight of the reign of Henry VII., but now a somewhat antiquated farmhouse. This Sir Lancelot married the widow of Lord Clifford, who was slain in the civil wars in 1461. Their son, young Clifford, was preserved from the fury of the Yorkist faction, and brought hither out of the way of all search. Twenty-four years of his life were spent here, leading the life of a shepherd. On the union of the houses of York and Lancaster, his estates and



honours were restored to him. He attended parliament, when summoned by his sovereign, and served in the war which ended in the victory of Flodden Field, in which he took part; but his life was chiefly passed in the country, restoring his castles, which had gone to decay during the civil war, and following peaceful pursuits.

“Ages after he was laid in earth,  
The ‘good Lord Clifford’ was the name he bore.”

From Threlkeld the road passes along the foot of Blencathra, as far as the sixth milestone, thence across a moorish tract of country for two or three miles. Ten and a-half miles from Keswick, the road diverges to the right, leaving the turnpike road. A distance of five miles more brings us to Dockray village, a mile and a-half beyond which we reach Lyulph’s Tower, in Gowbarrow Park. A beautiful drive of four miles will then bring the traveller to the Inn at Patterdale.

A few days will probably be spent in exploring the district, after which the traveller may either return to Windermere, or reach the railway at Penrith.



## ON THE FLOWERING PLANTS, FERNS, AND MOSSES OF WINDERMERE AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.

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The banks of Windermere afford many objects of interest to the lover of British wild flowers; so numerous and various, indeed, are the more or less rare plants to be found in the lake itself, — in the mountain tarns, streams, woods and bogs, and on the fells and heath, that it is difficult to give a satisfactory account of them in the space of a short chapter. A general description of the Flora of the district may, however, be of some use to the tourist who, in passing through the country, wishes to secure anything which may be worthy of a place in his herbarium or garden. The writer proposes to enumerate the least common plants which have been found within about three miles of the lake, occasionally noticing objects of peculiar interest which are found at a greater distance.

Of the order Ranunculacæe, *Thalictrum flavum* is not uncommon about the margin of the lake; *T. minus* is also found. The beautiful globe-flower *Trollius europæus* is abundant in various situations. *Helleborus viridis* occurs in two situations near the Windermere terminus, and *H. foetidus* grows near the road between Bowness and Kendal: it is very probable that both these are introduced. *Aquilegia vulgaris* is found

in numerous places. — Of the order Nymphœaceæ, *Nymphœa alba* and *nuphar lutea* are frequent in the lake and many of the mountain tarns. Of Papaveraceæ *Meconopsis cambrica* is not uncommon, and in some places, such as near the Ferry Inn. and other parts of Furness Fells, and in Troutbeck it is abundant. *Chelidonium majus* is common. — Of Fumariaceæ *Corydalis claviculata* is not uncommon in healthy places. — Of Cruciferæ, *Lepidium Smithii* is abundant; *L. Draba* grows near Newby Bridge. *Arabis hirsuta* is found on Whitbarrow; *Cochlearia officinalis* on Kirkstone. — *Helianthemum canum*, of the order Cistaceæ occurs in Witherslack. — Of Droseraceæ, *Drosera rotundifolia* is abundant, and *D. longifolia* is rare. — Of Caryophyllaceæ, *Stellaria nemorum* is found in some wet woods and ghylls. — *Silene acaulis* grows on Fairfield. — Of Malvaceæ, *Malva moschata* and *sylvestris* are frequent in various places. — Of Hypericaceæ, *Hypericum androsœmum* is not uncommon on wooded fellsides, generally near rivulets. *H. quadrangulum* and *humifusum* are common, and *H. hirsutum* is plentiful on Whitbarrow. — Of Geraniaicæ, *Geranium sylvaticum* is not uncommon; *G. lucidum* is frequent; *G. sanguineum* and *pratense* are abundant on Whitbarrow. — Of Balsaminaceæ, *Impatiens noli me tangere* is plentiful on Furness Fells, near the Ferry Inn, at Millerground, Gill Head, and many other places. — Of Rhamnaceæ, *Rhamnus catharticus* and *frangula* are found on the islands of Windermere. — Of Leguminifereæ, *Genista tinctoria* is very abundant and beautiful in heathy places. — *Hippocrepis comosa* is found at Grange. — Of Rosaceæ, *Prunus*

padus is common. *Spiræa salicifolia* grows near the Ferry Inn, but this is doubtless introduced, as this plant is now found to be nowhere indigenous in Great Britain. *Rubus suberectus* is found in woods and sometimes on open mountain sides. *R. saxatilis* occurs in a few places. *R. idæus rhamnifolius*, *leucostachys* and *rudis* are the most common species of *Rubus* here. *R. chamæmorus* grows in Long Sleddale. We have seen *Rosa spinosissima* in one place only. *R. villosa* is very common. — Of *Haloragiaceæ*, *Myriophyllum spicatum* and *verticillatum* abound in the lake. — Of *Grossulariaceæ*, *Ribes rubrum* and *grossulara* are plentiful in the woods. — Of *Crassulaceæ*, *Sedum telephium* and *anglicum* are very common; *S. Rhodiola* grows on Fairfield; and *Cotyledon umbilicus* is found in many places. — Of *Saxifragaceæ*, *Saxifraga aizoides stellaris*, and *hypnoides* are found on the mountain tops. We have not seen *S. oppositifolia* nearer than Helvellyn. *S. platypetala* grows on the heights of Fairfield. *Chrysplenium alternifolium* is also found by some rivulets. *Parnassia palustris* is very abundant. — Of *Rubiaceæ*, *Galium boreale* grows on the islands and *Asperula cynanchica* is found on Whitbarrow. — Of *Umbelliferæ*, *Sium angustifolium* is common in the streams, and *Myrrhis odorata* is by no means rare in old orchards and elsewhere. — Of *Compositæ*, *Apargia hispida* is common and very handsome. *Sonchus palustris* occurs in some marshy places. *Crepis paludosa* is frequent in wet woods. *Hieracium alpinum* is found on Langdale Pikes; *H. lawsoni*, on Kirkstone Pass; *H. inuloides*, in mountain rills; *H. sylvaticum* and *boreale* are com-



mon ; but we are not able to give a list of all the mountain species of Hawkweed which may be found in the district ; the lower range of fells, near the lake, are not likely to produce any rare species, but the higher series, Fairfield, High Street, Hill Bell, &c., would be very likely to repay a more careful search than has hitherto been made. *Serratula tinctoria* is plentiful on the shores of the lake. *Cardus heterophyllus* grows in Troutbeck, *Carlina vulgaris* on Whitbarrow. *Centaurea nigrescens* is not unfrequent on dry banks. *Bidens cernna* is found in Crosthwaite. *Eupatorium cannabinum* is everywhere common. *Gnaphalium dioicum* and *sylvaticum* are abundant, the former on mountain heaths, the latter in woods. *Petastites vulgaris* is found in several places. *Senecio saracenicus* grows near Newby Bridge, and in some old orchards ; but it is probably not indigenous. *Inula conyzia* is abundant on the Whitbarrow Fells. — Of Campanulaceæ, *Campanula latifolia* is not unfrequent in woody places. *Jasione montana* everywhere abundant, and the larger form, which has been thought by some to be a distinct species, is often seen in the meadows, *Lobelia dortmanna* grows in shallow water, in almost every part of the lake. — Of Ericaceæ, *Vaccinium myrtillus* is found in nearly every wood ; and *V. oxycoccus* in a few places. *V. vitis-idaea* on Langdale Pikes ; *Pyrola minor* in Stockghyll. — Of Jasminaceæ, *Ligustrum vulgare* grows wild in the mountain woods. Of Gentianaceæ *Menyanthes trifoliata* is not uncommon in the bogs. *Polemonium cæruleum* is found in Graythwaite woods. — Of Scrophularianæ, *Digitalis purpurea* is everywhere most abundant and beautiful, ornament-



ing every hill and dell with its splendid spikes of purple flowers. *Verbena officinalis* may be gathered on Whitbarrow. — Of *Orobanchaceæ*, *Lathræa squamaria* grows on Wansfell. — Of *Lamiaceæ*, *Lycopus europæus* is found in a few places, as is also *calamintha* *Clinopodium*. *Mentha piperita* grows on Whitbarrow. *M. sativa* is not uncommon throughout the district. *Scutellaria minor* occurs in some of the bogs. — Of *Boraginaceæ*, *Symphytum officinale* is not uncommon. — Of *Pinguiculaceæ*, *Pinguicula vulgaris* is very frequent in damp places. *Utricularia vulgaris* is also found. Of *Primulaceæ*, *Primula farinacea* may be found in many moist meadows: it is abundant on Wansfell, and will be seen when ascending the mountain by Stockghyll. *Lysimachia vulgaris*, *nummularia* and *nemorum* are common, the two former by the side of the lake. — Of *Plantaginaceæ*, *Plantago media* is common near Kendal and on Whitbarrow. *Littorella lacustris* covers the margins and bottom of the lake, with a perennial verdure. — Of *Polygonaceæ*, *Polygonum bistorta* is common and very ornamental in low meadows; *Oxyria reniformis* is found in Longsleddale, and elsewhere. — Of *Thymelaceæ*, *Daphne laureola* and *mezereum* have been found in Rayrigg and Graythwaite woods. — Of *Empetraceæ*, *Empetrum nigrum* grows on the higher fells. — Of *Amentiferæ*, *Carpinus betulus* is not uncommon, but probably not indigenous. *Salix pentandra* occurs in many places. *S. fragilis* *alba*, *viminalis*, *caprea* and *aurita* are common; but we are not sufficiently acquainted with this genus to mention all the species found here. — Of *Orchidaceæ*, *Listera ovata* is common,

and *L. cordata* is found on Helvellyn. — *L. Nidusavis* is rare. *Gymnadenia conopsea* and *Habenaria bifolia* are very common. *Cypripedium calceolus* has been found on Whitbarrow; and *Epipactis latifolia*, *palustris* and *ensifolia* also grow there. — Of *Amaryllidaceæ*, *Narcissus pseudo-narcissus* is most abundant, and in early spring makes many a bank and woody glen yellow with its numerous flowers. — Of *Liliaceæ*, *Allium carinatum* is found in one locality. *H. ursinum* is very common. *H. schœnoprasum* may be found on Cartmel Fell. *Convallaria majalis* grows on some of the islands, but is becoming scarce from too frequent depredations; in Rauncey woods, about three miles below Newby Bridge, this plant is most abundant and fine, covering some acres of ground; here also may be found the Fly orchis. *C. multiflora* abounds in Graythwaite woods, about two miles north of Newby Bridge. — Of *Trilliaceæ*, *Paris quadrifolia* is found in many of the shady woods. — Of *Alismaceæ*, *Alisma plantago* and *ranunculoides* are plentiful in the lake. — Of *Fluviales*, *Potamogeton proelongus* is found in many parts of Windermere. *P. perfoliatus* and *heterophyllus* are very common. — Of *Juncaceæ*, *Juncus glaucus* grows on Whitbarrow, and *J. triglumis* on Fairfield. — Of *Cyperaceæ*, *Eriophorum vaginatum* is frequent in mountain bogs. *Carex dioica*, *ovalis*, *riparia*, *pulicaris*, *curta*, *remota*, *stricta*, *præcox*, *vesicaria*, and *ampullacea* are common. *C. lœvigata* and *sylvatica* are found in some places. — Of *Gramina*, *Avena pubescens*, *flavescens*, are common; *Festuca ovina* var. *vivipara* is found; *Bromus giganteus* is very frequent. *B. asper* and *Sesleria cærulea* grow

on Whitbarrow. *Triticum caninum* may be seen in many places : and *Melica nutans* is found in some moist woods.

Of the Ferns, *Ceterach officinarum*, occurs on some walls, but is abundant and indigenous on Whitbarrow. *Polypodium vulgare*, grows very luxuriantly, and in some shaded situations with a south aspect, assumes a form resembling *P. cambricum*, but does not retain its peculiar character under cultivation ; the variety *serratum*, also grows in similar situations : it is very handsome. — *Polypodium phegopteris* is more than usually common in this district, and may be found in many woods and often by the road sides. — *P. dryopteris* is not quite so frequent, but by no means uncommon in similar situations ; it is very abundant in the woods of Furness Fells. — *Polypodium calcareum* is common on Whitbarrow. — *Allosorus crispus* is not rare in stone walls or rocks, and among loose stones, generally in high situations. — *Cystopteris fragilis* is very fine in some situations, but is not abundant here ; a form is found which somewhat resembles *C. regia*. — *Polystichum lonchitis* has been found. — *P. aculeatum* is common by rivulets through mountain woods and coppices, and its varieties *lobatum* and *lonchitoides*. — *P. angulare* is less common, but may be found in many warm shady ghylls and groves growing very luxuriantly. — *Lastrea oreopteris* is very common. The different forms of *L. dilatata* abound ; the variety called by Mr. Newman *L. collina*, is not rare. — *L. Spinu losa* is to be found in many wet woods ; also in some open bogs, and a few roots of a form of this species closely resembling, if not



identical with *L. cristata*, have been found. — *L. recurva* occurs in a few places. — *Athyrium felix-femina* var *rhoeticum* is not uncommon. — *Asplenium viride* is found on some of the mountain screes, and is very abundant on Whitbarrow. *A. Trichomanes*, *Adiantum-nigrum* and *ruta-muria* are common, and *A. marinum* is found on Meathop, near Witherslack. — *Scolopendrium vulgare* grows very fine in some sheltered situations. — *Blechnum boreale* is common everywhere. — *Hymenophyllum Wilsoni* is found in many dark fissures in the rocks in high wooded fells, generally near a stream. — *Osmunda regalis* is common and fine. — *Botrychium lunaria* is pretty frequent on high mountain heaths. — *Ophioglossum vulgatum* is very scarce. In giving an account of the ferns of Windermere, the important discovery of *Woodsia Ilvensis* in Westmorland, although not in the immediate neighbourhood of Windermere, ought to be mentioned. This rare fern was found by Mr. Huddart, the nurseryman of Waterloo Gardens immediately opposite Bowness, who has some roots of it, and of almost all the British ferns, in his possession.

All the British club mosses are found near Windermere. *Lycopodium clavatum* grows on most of the higher fells. — *L. annotinum* has been found in Langdale. — *L. inundatum* is not unfrequent on the margins of mountain tarns. *L. alpinum* grows on many heathy fell-sides ; *L. selago* in similar situations ; and *L. selaginoides* is common in rivulets in high situations. — *Isoetes lacustris* is abundant in all parts of the lake, but rather difficult to find, because it is nearly always in deep water. — *Equisetum palustre* var, *polystachyon*,



is the only uncommon Horsetail which has hitherto been found here.

The common Mosses are abundant here, but some species may be found which are very scarce in Great Britain, and are only seen in some alpine or sub-alpine districts. The Muscologist will be delighted with the general appearance of this tribe of plants, their luxuriance in some situations is truly wonderful. Among the most rare may be mentioned *Zygodon mangestii*, in crevices of rocks, without fruit, on Kirkstone. — *Gymnostomum rupestre* on wet rocks, Helvellyn. — *G. Griffithanum* on Red Screes, Wrynose and Fairfield. *Dyphasicum foliosum* on rocks and crevices of rocks, Rydal Park. — *Weissia denticulata* on rocks, Grasmere Fells. — *Grimmia spiralis* and *torta* below Red Screes, Kirkstone, but not in fruit. — *Orthotrichum rupicola* on walls by Mardale and Haweswater. *O. aristatum* on trees in Rydal Park and elsewhere. — *Bryum julaceum* in mountain rills, fruiting abundantly in Kirkstone Pass and in Wythburn beck. — *B. albicans* in mountain rills, — *B. Ludwigii* on wet rocks, Glaramara, not in fruit. — *B. zierii* in crevices of rocks and on the ground, Red Screes, Rydal Park and elsewhere. — *B. Alpinum* common, on the mountains, usually barren. — *B. uliginosum* in a branch of the Wythburn beck, High Raise. — *B. acumdatum* on the eastern precipices of Fairfield, between the summit and Rydal Head. — *B. mnioides* on Helvellyn. — *Hypnum flagellare* in rocky streams, Stockghyll, &c. — *H. crista castrensis* on banks above Troutbeck Park, by the road over Kirkstone, Dove Craig, Fairfield, Mardale, and Hawes-

water. Of those mosses which are rare, except in mountainous districts, may be mentioned, as occurring abundantly here, *Anictangium ciliatum*, common on walls and rocks; *Anomodon curtispiculum* very common, in some situations bearing fruit abundantly; *Bartramia pomiformis* and *halleriana* are common; *B. arcuata* is found here, but is rare in fruit. *Hypnum brevirostre* is very abundant in woods; *H. undulatum* is very fine, and bears fruit in some high woods, generally near waterfalls: *Nechera crispa* is a great ornament to rather wet rocks; *Polytrichum alpinum* and *urnigerum* are common, as are also *Trichostomum acciculare*, *canescens*, *fasciculare*, *lanuginosum* and *polypodium*.

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A TABLE OF THE HEIGHTS OF MOUNTAINS IN THE COUNTIES OF CUMBERLAND, WESTMORLAND, AND LANCASHIRE.

No.	Names of Mountains.	Counties.	Height in Feet above the Sea Level.
1	Seawfell Pikes ... ..	Cumberland	3166
2	Seawfell ... ..	"	3160
3	Helvellyn ... ..	"	3070
4	Skiddaw ... ..	"	3022
5	Fairfield ... ..	Westmorland	2950
6	Great Gable, Wastdale ...	Cumberland	2925
7	Bowfell ... ..	Westmorland	2914
8	Rydal Head ... ..	"	2910
9	Pillar ... ..	Cumberland	2893
10	Bleneathra, Saddleback ...	"	2787
11	Grassmoor ... ..	"	2756
12	Red Pike, Buttermere ...	"	2750
13	High Street, Kentmere ...	Westmorland	2700
14	Grisedale Pike ... ..	Cumberland	2680
15	Conistoun Old Man ... ..	Lancashire	2576
16	Hill Bell... ..	Westmorland	2500
17	Langdale Pikes ... ..	"	2400
18	Carrock Fell, Caldbeck ...	Cumberland	2110
19	High Pike, Caldbeck ... ..	"	2101
20	Causey Pike ... ..	"	2040
21	Black Combe... ..	"	1919
22	Lord's Seat ... ..	"	1728
23	Honister Crag ... ..	"	1700
24	Whinfell Beacon, near Kendal	Westmorland	1500
25	Cat Bell, Newlands ... ..	Cumberland	1448
26	Latrigg, Keswick... ..	"	1160

	Height in Feet.
Highest English Mountain, Seawfell Pike, Cumberland ... ..	3,166
Highest Welsh Mountain, Snowden, Carnarvonshire ... ..	3,571
Highest Irish Mountain, Gurrane Tual, Kerry ... ..	3,404
Highest Scotch Mountain, Ben Muedui, Aberdeen ... ..	4,418
Highest European Mountain, Mount Blane ... ..	15,718
Highest Mountain in the World, Dhawalagiri, Asia ... ..	26,862

## PASSES.

	Heights above the Level of the Sea.
Sty Head ... ..	Cumberland ... 1250
Buttermere Hawes, Newlands ... ..	" ... 1160
Kirkstone ... ..	Westmorland ... 1200
Borrowdale Hawes, to Buttermere ... ..	Cumberland ... 1100
Dunmail Raise ... ..	West. & Cumb. ... 720

A TABLE OF THE LENGTH, BREADTH, AND DEPTH OF THE LAKES.

No.	Names of Lakes.	Counties.	Length in Miles.	Extreme breadth in Miles.	Extreme depth in Feet.	Height above the Sea
1	Windermere ... ..	Westmorland	10	1	240	116
2	Haweswater ... ..	"	3	$\frac{1}{2}$	—	443
3	Grasmere ... ..	"	$1\frac{1}{4}$	$\frac{1}{8}$	180	180
4	Brothers' Water ...	"	$0\frac{3}{4}$	$\frac{1}{2}$	72	—
5	Rydal Water ... ..	"	$0\frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{1}{3}$	54	156
6	Red Tarn, Helvellyn	"	—	—	—	2400
7	Coniston Water ...	Lancashire	6	$\frac{1}{2}$	160	105
8	Esthwaite Water ...	"	2	$\frac{1}{2}$	80	189
9	Ullswater ... ..	Cumberland	9	1	210	380
10	Bassenthwaite Water	"	4	1	68	210
11	Derwentwater ... ..	"	3	0	72	228
12	Crummock ... ..	"	3	$1\frac{1}{2}$	132	240
13	Buttermere ... ..	"	$1\frac{1}{4}$	$\frac{3}{4}$	90	247
14	Loweswater ... ..	"	1	$\frac{1}{2}$	60	—
15	Ennerdale ... ..	"	$2\frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{1}{2}$	80	—
16	Wastwater ... ..	"	3	$\frac{1}{2}$	270	160
17	Thirlmere ... ..	"	$2\frac{3}{4}$	$\frac{1}{2}$	108	473

## WATERFALLS.

No.	Names and Situations of Falls.	Counties.	Feet in Height.
1	Colwith Force, five miles from Ambleside	Westmorland	90
2	Dungeon Ghyll Force, Langdale ... ..	"	30
3	Stockghyll Force, near Ambleside ... ..	"	70
4	Rydal Fall, near Ambleside ... ..	"	70
5	Scale Forec, S.W. Side of Crummock Lake	Cumberland	196
6	Lodore Cascade, near Keswick ... ..	"	150
7	Barrow Cascade, near Keswick ... ..	"	122
8	Ara Force, West Side of Ullswater ... ..	"	80
9	Birker Forec, Eskdale ... ..	"	65
10	Stanley Gill, Eskdale ... ..	"	62
11	Sour Milk Forec, ... ..	"	60



# DIRECTORY.

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*The address is that required by Postal arrangement ; and, Windermere being the head office in the district, should be inserted at the end of each address, to ensure the regular transit of communications from a distance.*

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## WINDERMERE.

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| Addison, Rev. J. A., St. Mary's Cottage.         | Bryans, James, Esq., J.P., Bel-field.                    |
| Atkinson, James, lodging-house, Villa Lodge.     | Burnett, Rev Dr., Bowness Road                           |
| Aufrere, Geo., At. Esq., Burnside                | Carter, Geo., artist, Elin Grove.                        |
| Ball, James, railway clerk.                      | Clowes, Frederic, Esq., surgeon, Holly Hill.             |
| Balmer, Grace, laundress, Old Field.             | Collinson, Mrs., lodging-house, Bowness Road.            |
| Barrow, R., Elin Grove.                          | Craston, Miles, grocer, Bowness Road.                    |
| Barrow, R., yeoman, The Grove.                   | Crowdson, Geo. B., Esq., Villa Lodge.                    |
| Barrow, John, lodging-house, Woodside Cottage.   | Crosthwaite, Samuel, artist, Chapel House, Bowness Road. |
| Barrymore, D. A., teacher.                       | Crosthwaite Thomas, yeoman, Birthwaite.                  |
| Beaufoy, Mark, Esq., Bowness Road.               | Davies, Mrs., grocer, Church-street.                     |
| Bell, John, joiner, Elin Grove.                  | Dixon, Miss, dressmaker, Bowness Road.                   |
| Benson, Mrs., lodging-house, Bowness Road.       | Eastted, William, Esq., Elleray.                         |
| Benson, W., Esq., Dove Nest.                     | Elleray, John, yeoman, Heathwaite.                       |
| Birkett, Mrs., lodging house, Elin Grove.        | Fell, Geo., yeoman, Common.                              |
| Bradford, Earl of, St. Catherine's               | Field, John, Esq., Cross-street.                         |
| Braithwaite, R., Esq., Bingle.                   | Fleming, John, farmer, Eccle-rigg.                       |
| Brockbank, John, lodging-house, Bowness Road.    | Fletcher, John, Esq., Craig Foot.                        |
| Brooks, Thomas, tailor and dra-per, High-street. | Gandy, John, Esq., Oaklands.                             |
| Brownrigg, John, joiner, Bow-ness Road.          |  |

- Garnett, John, railway superintendent,—Printer, bookseller, &c., Post-Office.
- Gardner, Geo. H., Esq., solicitor, Ellerthwaite.
- Greaves, Mrs., Ferney Green.
- Greaves, Rev. Robert P., Dove Nest.
- Greg, Wm. R., Esq., The Craig.
- Gregg, B., cordwainer, Elin Grove.
- Harrison, Wm., joiner, High-st.
- Harrison, Mrs., Fancy Repository, High-street.
- Hayton, John, joiner and grocer, Bowness Road.
- Hayton, Richard, lodging-house keeper & joiner, Bowness Road.
- Herd, Thomas, grocer, Bowness Road.
- Holmes, John, grocer, High-st.
- Hornby, Rev. Jas. J., Wansfell.
- Holmes, Wm., surgeon, Cleator Lodge.
- Holt, George, Esq., Orrest Head.
- Hutchinson, Isaac, farmer, Common.
- Hutchinson, Wm., No. 2, Railway Terrace.
- Jones, Robert, Esq., Elin Grove.
- Kennedy, Peter, Esq., Fair View.
- Logan, Robert, Low Wood Hotel.
- Longmire, J., farmer, Banrigg.
- Longmire, R., butcher, Lickbarrow.
- Lowe, Myles, grocer, Old-road.
- Macdougall, Mrs., North View.
- Marriott, Miss St. Mary's Abbey.
- Marriott, Mrs., Oakthorpe.
- Martin, Nicholas, railway porter.
- Medealf, Richard, builder.
- Melville, Thomas, agent, Storrs.
- Meyer, Miss, Holbeek Cottage.
- Mitchell, Robert, blacksmith, Cross-street.
- Mounsey, George, slater, Elin Grove.
- Mounsey, W., joiner, Cross-st.
- Newby, Jas., gardener, Elleray.
- Parrington, J., farmer, Dromer.
- Pattinson, Miss Betty, Woodland Grove.
- Pattinson, Abraham, builder, Elin Grove.
- Pattinson, John, lodging-house, Elin Grove.
- Pearson, Mrs., Briery Close.
- Postlethwaite, Robert, joiner, Bowness Road.
- Richardson, Stephen, Village Inn.
- Rigg, Richard, Windermere Hotel.
- Salkeld, James, cordwainer, High-street.
- Scholes, Mrs., Annesdale.
- Sheldon, Wm., coach proprietor, Highfield.
- Somervell, Robert M., Esq., Hazelslack.
- Staniforth, Rev. Thomas, Storrs Hall.
- Sternberg, Baroness de, Belsfield.
- Swinburne, Edward, Esq., Calgarth Park.
- Tallon, Miss, confectioner, Bowness Road.
- Taylor, John H., Esq., solicitor.
- Taylor, Samuel, Esq., (J.P.) Ibbotsholme.
- Thompson, J., joiner, Cross-st.
- Tyson, Miss, lodging house, Rock Side.
- Ullock, Thomas, Esq., Quarry How.
- Warwick, Thomas, blacksmith, Bowness Road.
- Watson, Miss, Mynbeck.
- Watson, R. Luther, Esq., Ecele-rigg.
- Wilson, J., farmer, Cook's House.

Wilson, Capt., R.N., (J.P.) The Howe.	Wright, Henry, lodging-house, Bowness Road.
Wilkinson, Rev. H. J., Rectory.	Yates, Miss Jane, The Wood.

BOWNESS.

Airey, John, farmer, Cleabarrow	Dickinson, J., lodging-house.
Allen, Oswald, grocer and draper	Dixon, Thomas, yeoman, Bel- man Ground.
Armstrong, David, museum.	Dobson, William, blacksmith, lodging-house keeper.
Atkinson, John, grocer & draper.	Dobson, J., blacksmith.
Atkinson, James, saddler.	Dixon, Ann, upholsterer.
Atkinson, J., waller, Millbeck Stock.	Eccles, Thomas, post-messenger.
Backhouse, J., beerhouse keeper.	Eccles, R., joiner.
Balmer, Michael, lodging-house.	Eglin, George T., Winster.
Barker, H., tailor and draper.	Elleray, Stephen, Winster.
Barrow, James, joiner.	Elleray, T., Winster.
Barrow, Roger, Langdale View.	Fisher, James, lodging-house.
Barrow, R. yeoman.	Fletcher, Joseph, cabinet-maker.
Battersby, Thomas, gardener.	Garnett, Edward, land agent.
Battersby, Thomas, joiner.	Gawith, John, carrier.
Beetham, Ann, dressmaker.	Gibson, G. Henry, Esq.
Belcher, Lucy, bazaar.	Gill, Dawson, ostler.
Benson, Robert	Gregg, George, carrier.
Birkett, J., Esq., Birkett Houses	Gregg, Reginald, grocer.
Birkett, W., gardener.	Hadwin, J., cordwainer.
Blaylock, William, grocer.	Harrison, J., beerhouse keeper.
Bownass, William, Royal Hotel.	Harrison, W., Brantfell.
Brockbank, William, carter.	Hartley, Thomas.
Burton, Thomas, tailor.	Heaps, Thomas, lodging-house.
Butcher, Mrs.	Herdson, J., High House.
Braithwaite, John, boatman.	Hiley, Mrs. M.
Barton, Miss.	Hoggarth, Mary.
Brockbank, John, painter.	Holmes, Miss, milliner.
Cloudsdale, Thomas Crown Hotel.	Howlett, Rev. Fred., Winster.
Collinson, John, Esq., Brantfell.	Huddleston, J., tailor & draper.
Crosthwaite, Joseph, joiner.	Holloway, Wm. H., Esq., Water- side Cottage.
Crosthwaite, John, grocer.	Holt, Frederic, gardener.
Curwen, Henry, Esq., Belle Isle.	Jacob, Lieut. Col., Rayrigg.
Cloudsdale, William, fisherman.	Kendall, George, painter.
Cartmell, William, joiner.	Kirkbride, Charles.
Campbell, William, shoemaker.	Kirkbride, William, fisherman.
Dickinson, R., farmer, Winster.	Lockett, Allen, lodging-house.
Dickinson, R., Belfield Farm.	



- Ladyman, George, schoolmaster.  
 Livesey, Joseph, Esq., Green Bank.  
 Longmire, Thomas, beerhouse.  
 Long, Miss, milliner.  
 Martin, John, beerhouse keeper.  
 Martin, Mrs., innkeeper.  
 Martindale, W., farmer, Barker Knot.  
 Mattix, Mrs., Berlin Wool Repository.  
 Millray, M. H., gardener, Belsfield.  
 Moon, James, yeoman.  
 Moon, Tobias, basket-maker, Belman Houses.  
 Newby, Christopher, coal-agent.  
 Peel, Rev. F., Old England.  
 Parker, Miss, milliner.  
 Postlethwaite, Woodburn, Esq., solicitor, Matson House.  
 Redman, John, lodging-house.  
 Reid, Robert, saddler.  
 Richardson, T., farmer, Helm.  
 Rigg, Ellen.  
 Robinson, Agnes.  
 Robinson, Agnes, Fell Side.  
 Robinson, Ann, glass dealer.  
 Robinson, Robert, cordwainer.  
 Robinson, R. James, lodg. house.  
 Robinson, Miss, lodging-house, Howe Villa.  
 Robinson, Thomas, tailor.  
 Robinson, William, waller.  
 Robinson, G., lodging-house.  
 Robinson, John, Lindeth.  
 Rubottom, Margaret, grocer.  
 Robinson, John, boatman.  
 Robinson, William, senr., joiner and bath-house keeper.  
 Robinson, William, junr., joiner and bath-house keeper.  
 Sabin, George, lodging-house.  
 Sandham, John, beerhousekeeper.  
 Scott, James, Victoria Hotel.  
 Searle, H., lodging-house.  
 Sewell, Mrs., Fallbarrow.  
 Shaw, T., gardener.  
 Shrigly, Miss, Langdale View.  
 Sill, John, flour & butter dealer.  
 Sowerby, Luke, basket-maker.  
 Stables, W., farmer.  
 Stewardson, R., beerhousekeeper.  
 Stewardson, John, gardener.  
 Stringer, John, lodging-house.  
 Stringer, Henry, druggist.  
 Suart, William, junr. auctioneer.  
 Swainson, William, schoolmaster, Winster.  
 Taylor, B., shoemaker, Winster.  
 Taylor, J., farmer, Low House.  
 Taylor, T., boat-builder, Low House.  
 Turner, R., basket-maker, Millbeck Stock.  
 Thompson, — Esq., Bay Villa.  
 Walker, A., beerhouse keeper.  
 Walker, Thomas, lodging-house.  
 Ward, Frederic, Esq., Gill Head.  
 Waters, George, ironmonger.  
 Wharton, J., hairdresser.  
 Wildman and Holmes, joiners and builders.  
 Wilkinson, William, blacksmith.  
 Wilson, Robert, farmer, Miller-ground.  
 Wright, W. James, Windy Hall.  
 Wood, Jos., Temperance Hotel.  
 Wood, Robert, beerhouse keeper.  
 Woof, Joseph, gardener.

## NEWBY BRIDGE.

- Ainsworth, T., Esq., cotton manufacturer, Backbarrow.  
 Astley, F. D. P., Esq., Fell Foot.  
 Backhouse, Simpson, farmer, Finsthwaite.  
 Burns, J., furmer, Backbarrow.



Bateman, Thomas, Beck Hire, beerhouse keeper and farmer.  
 Bingland, Rev. J., Esq., Finsthwaite.  
 Braithwaite, Thomas, beerhouse keeper, Finsthwaite.  
 Carter, John, grocer, Staveley.  
 Carter, William, hoop-maker and farmer, Finsthwaite.  
 Crow, Mark, farmer, Graithwaite.  
 Cormic, William, Esq., Cunsey.  
 Dixon, W., farmer, Cunsey.  
 Fell, John, Esq., Stott Park.  
 Fell, John, farmer, Finsthwaite.  
 Fleming, Daniel, Newby Bridge Mill.  
 Fell, John, blacksmith.  
 Fell, Christopher, bobbin manufacturer, Cunsey.  
 Harrison, John, farmer and basket maker.  
 Ainslie Harrison and Co., Iron Works, Backbarrow.  
 Harrison, Mrs., Landing.  
 Kellett, Wm., carter, Landing.  
 Kirkby, James, grocer & butcher Backbarrow.  
 Kirkbride, Robert, farmer, Finsthwaite.

Lewthwaite, G., Esq., Stott Park  
 Martin, Joseph, farmer and land agent, Blakeholmes.  
 Pedder, John, Esq., Finsthwaite House.  
 Preston, William, farmer, Town End.  
 Revley, M., farmer, Graithwaite.  
 Rowlandson, Joshua, quarryman, Town Ward.  
 Rowlandson, James, yeoman, Backbarrow.  
 Sandys, J. D., Esq., Graithwaite  
 Steele, Christopher, shoemaker, Backbarrow.  
 Swainson, John, yeoman, Helm Well, Cunsey.  
 Swainson, Jos., farmer and hoop maker, Cunsey.  
 Turner, J., farmer, Finsthwaite.  
 Townley, W., Esq., Town Head.  
 Robinson, William, farmer, Stott Park.  
 Welsh, Richard, coal dealer, Backbarrow.  
 Wharton, W., bobbin manufacturer, Stott Park.  
 White, Thomas, Swan Hotel.  
 Wren, John, joiner and builder.

SAWREY.

Arnold, James, Ferry Hotel.  
 Aspland, T. Lindsey, Esq., artist, Sawrey Cottage.  
 Atkinson, E., hoop maker, Satter How.  
 Atkinson, John, Spout House.  
 Brooks, J. N., schoolmaster.  
 Carradus, Barrow, farmer, Spout Mire.  
 Carradus, M., farmer, Harrow Slack.  
 Clark, Thomas, farmer, Satter How.

Cowburn, Mrs., Chapel Cottage.  
 Dixon, J., grocer, Post Office.  
 Forrest, George, farmer, Briers.  
 Forrest, John, yeoman, Low House.  
 Forrest, Mrs. Henry, widow.  
 Garnett, Joseph, Esq., Howend Cottage.  
 Halstead, W., Esq., Mount Cottage.  
 Hartley, Richard, New Inn.  
 Hawkrigg, T., blacksmith.  
 Hawkrigg, Braithwaite, yeoman.

Hawkrigg, Hugh, yeoman, Castle Herdson, William, butcher.	Stalker, Jonathan, beerhouse keeper.
Huddart, J., seedsman, Waterloo Gardens.	Stalker, Jonathan, basket-maker
Jackson, G., farmer, Eelhouse.	Stalker, W., boatman.
Ogden, Jonathan, R. Esq., (J.P.) Lakeefield.	Taylor, Joseph, yeoman, Buckle Yeat.
Preston, William, farmer, Hill Top.	Taylor, Thomas, shoemaker.
Smith, William, hoop maker.	Taylor, John, joiner.
Smith, Elizabeth, grocer.	Towers, W., yeoman, Towerbank.
Stalker, John, grocer.	Towers, Mrs., Sawrey House.
	Willan, Thos., spirit merchant.
	Willison, Ann, schoolmistress.

## TROUTBECK.

Beaumont, Thos., farmer, Crag.	Brown, Ben., yeoman, Boot.
Benson, Anthony, yeoman, Coat Syke.	Coffee, Jeremiah, tailor, Crag.
Benson, William, farmer, Low Longmire.	Dawson, Mrs., Crag House.
Benson, Thomas, yeoman, High Green.	Fell, Robert H., bobbin-maker, Troutbeck Bridge.
Benson, John, yeoman, Crosses.	Forrest, Birkett, yeoman, Low Fold.
Bigland, John, farmer, near Borrans.	Forrest, Matthew, farmer, Low Skelgill.
Birkett, William, yeoman, Town Head.	Gandy, Henry, Esq., Troutbeck Park.
Birkett, George, Brow Head.	Green, Elizabeth, innkeeper, Mortal Man.
Birkett, Thomas, yeoman, Great House.	Harrison, Thomas, schoolmaster, Crag.
Birkett, Robert, yeoman, Middle- dleriggs.	Hayton, George, joiner, Town Head.
Braithwaite, James, yeoman, Town Foot.	Holme, Edward, blacksmith, Troutbeck Bridge.
Braithwaite, Elizabeth, school- mistress, Mathew How.	Hunter, Thomas, farmer, Town Head.
Braithwaite, John, meehanie, Troutbeck Bridge.	Hutchinson, John, Esq., Broad Oaks.
Browurigg, George, joiner, Beck- side Cottage.	Jenkinson, Thomas, yeoman, Near Orrest.
Browne, Harrison, yeoman, Drummermer Head.	Kennedy, Simon, letter carrier.
Browne, Mrs. Luey, Town End.	Lancaster, J., innkeeper, Kirk- stone Top.
Browne, Richard, farmer, Low Wood.	Lancaster, Henry, bootmaker, Longmire Gate.

Lancaster, Thomas, bootmaker, Lanc.	Stainton, Thomas, farmer, Town Head.
Leather, Thomas, tailor & draper Mathew How.	Storey, Thomas, yeoman, High Green.
Longmire, Jas., farmer, Orrest.	Storey, Alison, farmer, Lane Foot.
Longmire, W., churchwarden, Crosses.	Storey, Geo., waller, Lanc Foot.
Longmire, John, yeoman, Longmire.	Storey, Christopher, farmer, High Fold.
Longmire, J., farmer, Longmire.	Storey, John, farmer, Longgreen Head.
Mackereth, Benson, innkeeper, Queen's Head.	Todd, James, farmer, Crag.
Mackereth, W., yeoman, High Fold.	Townson, Rd., farmer, Midtown.
Mounsey, William, relieving-officer, and registrar of births and deaths, Highfold.	Tyson, Henry, innkeeper, Troutbeck Bridge. — Post-office.
Pool, Jos., yeoman, Slack Foot.	Tyson, Thomas, farmer, High Skelgill.
Pool, Abram, yeoman, Beekside.	Tyson, Isaac, farmer, Town Head
Rigg, George, blacksmith, Longmire Gate.	Wilson, Nicholas, yeoman, Town End.
Sewell, Rev. William, Low Fold.	Wilson, Nicholas, junr., farmer, Town End.

AMBLESIDE.

Abbott, John, coach-office and lodging-house, Fairfield.	Barton, William, school-master.
Arnold, Mrs., widow of the late Dr. Arnold, Fox How.	Barkworth, Alfred, Esq., Tranby Lodge.
Atkinson, James, joiner, and lodging-house keeper, Fisher Beck.	Beck, James, farmer, Mire Side, Skelwith.
Atkinson, J., saddler, &c., market-place.	Bell, Catherine, stay maker.
Atkinson, Wm., shoemaker.	Bell, R. F., ironmonger.
Backhouse, M., schoolmistress, New Road.	Bell, T., chemist and druggist.
Backhouse, James, farmer and lodging-house keeper, Rydal.	Benson, Henry, blacksmith, Blue Hill.
Ball, William, Esq., Glen Rothay	Black, Anne, Golden Rule Inn.
Barrow, John, farmer, Hawkshead Hill.	Bonney, Richard, plumber.
Barwick, John, surgeon.	Brenchley, Alexander C., Esq., Wanlass How.
Barwick, Thomas, carpenter.	Brown, John, Commereial Hotel.
Barrow, John, joiner.	Brocklebank, Benjamin, farmer, Stang End.
Barton, Mrs., milliner.	Birkett, George, cooper.
	Backhouse, Wm., farmer, Round Hill.



- Carr, Thomas, Esq., Hill Top.  
 Carter, John, Esq., Rydal Mount.  
 Clark, Miles, grocer.  
 Claude, Mrs. L., Broadlands.  
 Claude, Mrs. A., Rose Cottage.  
 Clay, Rev. J., Miller Bridge.  
 Cleminson, James, solicitor.  
 Clough, Mrs., Ladies' Seminary,  
   Eller How.  
 Conway and Henshall, milliners.  
 Cookson, Miss, Clappersgate.  
 Cookson, Isaac, boot and shoe  
   maker.  
 Cousins, Henry, joiner.  
 Coward, John, joiner and lodging  
   house keeper, Beech Cottage.  
 Coward, William, tailor & draper  
 Coward, Jeremiah, painter.  
 Coward, Jeremiah, innkeeper,  
   miller, and grocer, Skelwith  
   Bridge.  
 Coward, John, bobbin manufac-  
   turer, Skelwith Bridge.  
 Cowperthwaite, George, farmer,  
   Clappersgate.  
 Coward, Mrs., lodging-house.  
 Creighton, John, yeoman, Low  
   Park.  
 Creighton, Joseph, blacksmith.  
 Crewdson, Wm. Dil., Esq., Field  
   Foot.  
 Crosley, John, farmer, Hawks-  
   head Hill.  
 Crosfield, John, Esq., Rothay  
   Bank.  
 Davy, John, Esq., M.D., Lesketh  
   How.  
 Dawson, Thomas, waller.  
 Dawson, James, Esq., (J.P.)  
   Wray Castle.  
 Dawson, Miss, Randy Pike.  
 Dawson, D., farmer, High Park.  
 Dickinson, Miss, Nook End.  
 Dobson, Mrs., lodging-house,  
   Prospect Cottage.  
 Donaldson, Peter, Salutation  
   Hotel.  
 Dove, Charles, farmer, postman,  
   and fishmonger, Low Fold.  
 Dowling, Miss, Hill Top.  
 Dobson, — Esq., Rothay Cot-  
   tage.  
 Fell, Rev. S. I., Sweeden How.  
 Fell, William, Esq., surgeon.  
 Fisher, Robert, lodging-house,  
   Stock Cottage.  
 Fleming, Mark, boot and shoe-  
   maker.  
 Fisher, John, farmer.  
 Fleming, Rev. Fletcher, incum-  
   bent, Rydal Lodge.  
 Fleming, Lady le, Rydal  
   Hall.  
 Fleming, Mrs., draper & milliner.  
 Fleming, Roger, joiner.  
 Forrest, Mrs., lodging house,  
   Windermere Lodge.  
 Foster, Miss, Wray Cottage.  
 Frearson, Rev. S., baptist minis-  
   ter, Hawkshead Hill.  
 Garside, Samuel, painter.  
 Gibson, Mrs., grocer.  
 Gibson, William, tallow Chandler  
 Gill, Miss, Oak Bank.  
 Grave, Mrs., Oxenfell.  
 Green, Mrs., Gale Cottage.  
 Green, James, butcher and lodg-  
   ing-house keeper, Fisher Beck.  
 Grier, John, florist and seeds-  
   man.  
 Hodgson, John, farmer, Hawks-  
   head Hill.  
 Harrison, Matthew, Esq., (J.P.)  
   Belle View.  
 Harrison, John, Esq., The Green.  
 Harrison, Mrs., lodging-house,  
   Chapel Cottage.  
 Harrison, Benson, Esq., (J.P.)  
   Scale How.  
 Hawley, Capt. R., Rock Cottage.



- Hawkrigg, Michael, mason.  
Hawkrigg, James, yeoman, Skelwith.  
Hawkrigg, Joseph, farmer, Park House, Skelwith.  
Hayse, Robert, gardener and seedsman.  
Head, Miss, Miller Bridge.  
Herd, Edward, watch maker.  
Higgins, Miss, Fancy Repository.  
Hodgson, Rev. William, Old Brathay.  
Holme, John, tailor.  
Holme, William, bread baker.  
Holme, Thomas, blaeksmith.  
Holme, Jas., Esq., Croft Lodge, Clappersgate.  
Hopkinson, Benjamin, Esq., The Oaks.  
Horrax, Charles, bobbin manufacturer.  
Irving, Mrs., lodging house keeper, Rydal.  
Irving, William, cooper, Hawkshead Hill.  
Jackson, Mrs., Waterhead House  
Jackson, Henry, Royal Oak Inn.  
Jackson, Mrs., Newfield Cottage.  
Jackson, Thomas, earter and coal agent.  
Jackson, Arthur, mason, Rose Cottage.  
Jenkinson, W., bread baker.  
Jameson, Miss, Smithy Brow.  
Johnson, Mrs. E., lodging-house, Chapel Hill.  
Kitchen, Edward, basket maker, Low Fold.  
Lancaster, Mary, butcher.  
Leighton, George, plumber. &c.  
Lutwidge, Capt. H., R.N., The Cottage.  
Mackereth, Thomas, farmer.  
Martin, Richard, lodging-house keeper, Chapel Hill.  
Martineau, Miss H., The Knoll.  
Matty, Robert, tailor and draper.  
Mayson, Bryan, plasterer and lodging house.  
Morse, Miss, Gale Lodge.  
Mandall, Thomas, yeoman, tax-collector, and slate merchant, Loughrigg.  
Nelson, Christopher, draper.  
Newby, James, draper, Bank.  
Newton, George Law, wine and spirit merchant, Waterhead.  
Newton, Mrs. Mary, Waterhead.  
Newton, Mary, draper and milliner.  
Nicholson, John, Esq., solicitor.  
Nicholson, Mrs. Agnes, stationer, Post-Office.  
Noble, James, painter.  
Okell, Miss, Sweeden Bank.  
Parker, John, slate merchant, Hodge Close.  
Partridge, George, Esq., Covey Cottage.  
Pedder, Mrs., Gale House,  
Peill, William, hooper, cooper, and grocer.  
Pritchard, Mrs., bread baker.  
Preston, Thomas, farmer, Mill Brow, Skelwith Bridge.  
Proetor, Jonathan, lodginghouse, Hill Side Cottage.  
Quillinan, Misses, Loughrigg Holme.  
Redmayne, Giles, Esq., Brathay Hall.  
Reynolds, M. Esq., Clappersgate.  
Richards, John, boot & shoemaker  
Richardson, William, carrier and farmer, Rydal Nab.  
Riddle, Mrs., lodging house, Five-ways House.  
Robinson, William, flag-merchant Blue Hill.  
Ridgway, Mrs., Low Field.

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| Robinson, Messrs., M. & J. C., carriers.                         | Thompson, John, painter.   |
| Robinson, Brian, farmer, Rock Cottage.                           | Thompson, Jonathan, grocer.                                      |
| Roberts, Christopher, farmer, Ellers Brow, Skelwith.             | Thompson, Miss, lodging house, Walton Cottage.                   |
| Robinson, John, Esq., Gunpowder Works, Elterwater.               | Thwaite, Joseph, bread baker.                                    |
| Robinson, Mason, clerk, Gunpowder Works, Elterwater.             | Townson, William, White Lion Hotel.                              |
| Rogers, Major, Pull Cottage.                                     | Townson, Thomas, miller.   |
| Rollinshaw, Anthony, boot and shoemaker, & lodging house keeper. | Townson, Benjamin, tax collector, Woodbine Cottage.              |
| Roughsedge, Hornby, Esq. (J.P.) Fox Ghyll.                       | Townley, Robert, Unicorn Inn,                                    |
| Salkeld, William, farmer, Skelwith Fold.                         | Troughton, Thomas, bookseller, &c., Stamp Office.                |
| Sarginson, James, farmer and lodging house, Skelwith.            | Troughton, Miss D., lodging house.                               |
| Stalker and Higgins, joiners.                                    | Tyson, Thomas, farmer, Waterhead.                                |
| Shepherd, Wm., lodgings, Waterhead.                              | Tyson, Joseph, carpenter.  |
| Shepherd, James, Esq., surgeon.                                  | Tyson, Joseph, confectioner.                                     |
| Slee, Lancelot, farmer, Arnside.                                 | Walton, Edward, shoemaker.                                       |
| Slater, Mrs., confectioner and lodging house.                    | Walker, John, grocer and confectioner.                           |
| Sproat, John, accountant and lodging house, Fairfield.           | Wilson, John, Esq., solicitor, Cross Brow.                       |
| Sproat, Wm., boot and shoemaker.                                 | Wilson, Thos., Esq., Clappersgate                                |
| Squires, Mrs., glass dealer and hairdresser.                     | Woodburn, John, grocer and game dealer.                          |
| Stables, Edward, saddler.  | Woodburn, Mrs., lodging house.                                   |
| Stalker, Betsy, grocer.  | Woodhouse, Richard, gardener, Haven Cottage.                     |
| Stalker, Mrs. A., Springfield.                                   | Woof, Mrs., farmer and lodgings, Low Fold.                       |
| Stansfield, Mrs., Waterhead.                                     | Woodend, John, farmer, Nook End.                                 |
| Suart, James, Esq., Low Fold.                                    | Wordsworth, Mrs., widow of the late Wm. Wordsworth, Rydal Mount. |
| Tatham, Rev. J., curate, Rydal.                                  | Wilson, James Christopher, Esq., Compston Lodge.                 |
| Thompson, Jackson, joiner, Blue Hill.                            | Wilson, John, farmer, Grove.                                     |
| Thompson, Joseph, boat builder.                                  | Winder, Mary, grocer, &c.  |

## CONISTON.

- |                                    |                                |
|------------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| Atkinson, Thomas, Waterhead Hotel. | Barnett, George, innkeeper     |
|                                    | Barratt, Wm., Hollyhow Cottage |

- Barratt, John, Esq., Holyworth House.
- Barrow, Edward, Black Bull Inn.
- Barrow, Joseph, yeoman, Little Arrow.
- Barrow, William, yeoman, Out-rake.
- Barrow, Henry, yeoman, Heathwaite.
- Barrow, Adam, farmer, Cat Bank.
- Barrow, William, farmer, Heathwaite.
- Burrow, George, farmer and wool stapler, Hallgarth.
- Beever, the Misses, Thwaite.
- Bell, William, joiner, Hawsbank.
- Benson, John, farmer, Yew Tree.
- Boileau, Simon John, Esq., Parsonage.
- Bowdin, Daniel, accountant.
- Bownass, Wm., yeoman, Brow.
- Bownass, Roger, yeoman, Dixon Ground.
- Bownass, George, junr.,
- Bownass, Roger, grocer and draper, Post-office.
- Briggs, John, carrier.
- Briggs, John, junr., carrier.
- Bywater, R. T., Esq., surgeon.
- Chanbre, Miss, Bank Ground.
- Collinson, William, farmer, Low Yewdale.
- Coward, Edward, farmer, Farend.
- Coward, Henry, grocer & carrier, Bridge End.
- Coward, Edward, joiner, Saw Mills.
- Diddams, John, school master.
- Dixon, Benjamin, yeoman, Spoon Hall.
- Dixon, William, yeoman, Dixon Ground.
- Dodgson, George, grocer, &c., Bridge End.
- Dixon, Joseph, grocer.
- Dixon, John, tailor.
- Fleming, George, butcher, Yewdale Bridge.
- Fleming, John, shoemaker.
- Fleming, Robert, blacksmith.
- Gaskgarth, Anthony, lodging house.
- Grave, William, Railway Tavern.
- Hall, Joseph, grocer.
- Harker, Jas., Rising Sun, beer-house.
- Irving, Isaac, farmer, Coniston Hall.
- Jackson, John, farmer, High Yewdale.
- Jackson, Edward, farmer and slate merchant, Tilberthwaite.
- Knight, John, farmer and assessment overseer.
- Knipe, Thomas and Jas., tailors.
- Linton, William J., artist, Brantwood.
- Marshall, J. G., Esq., M.P., Waterhead House.
- Massicks, Isaac, Crown Hotel.
- Massicks, Isaac, blacksmith.
- Mason, Miles, yeoman & waller, Low Houses.
- Mossop, Clement, tailor.
- Milligan, George, farmer, Tarn Haws.
- Nicholson, Eleanor, grocer.
- Parker, John, farmer and slate merchant, Holne Ground.
- Pickles, Richard, farmer, Dixon Ground.
- Pool, John, butcher.
- Prickett, Richard, farmer, Dixon Ground.
- Redhead, Edward, painter and glazier.
- Romney, William, agent to J. G. Marshall, Esq.
- Shuttleworth, Joseph, farmer, Tent Lodge.



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|---|---|
| Shuttleworth, Wilson, butcher,<br>Waterhead.                | Townson, William, yeoman, Gill.                 |
| Smith, James Andrew, Esq.,<br>Admiralty Office, Bank Ground | Tyson, George, tailor and draper.               |
| Smith, Wordsworth, Esq., Con-<br>iston Bank.                | Tyson, Joseph, yeoman, High<br>Ground.          |
| Smith, Mrs., Coniston Bank.                                 | Walker, Henry, farmer, Bank<br>Ground.          |
| Spedding, John, yeoman, Bow-<br>manstead.                   | Wilson, Wm., yeoman, Beckses.                   |
| Stolzman, Lieut. Col., Polish<br>Exile.                     | Wilson, Matthew, yeoman, Hol-<br>lins Bank.     |
| Thwaites, William, shoemaker.                               | Wilson, John, carrier.                          |
| Tolming, Rev. Thomas, incum-<br>bent of Coniston.           | Wilson, Thomas, farmer, Conis-<br>ton Bank.     |
| Towers, Matthew, yeoman, Little<br>Arrow.                   | Wilson, John, farmer, Rowland-<br>son Ground.   |
|   | Wilson, Wm., beerhouse keeper,<br>Miners' Arms. |

## GRASMERE.

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| Airey, James, postmaster, Under<br>How.                        | George, W. P., artist, Rose<br>Cottage.             |
| Agar, Miss, Silver How.  | Gibson, Mrs., Kelbarrow.                            |
| Atkinson, Thomas, shoemaker.                                   | Gibson, Miss, St. Oswalds.                          |
| Brown, Edward, auctioneer and<br>appraiser, Hollins Hotel.     | Green, John, Esq., Pavement<br>End.                 |
| Brocklebank, Edward, farmer,<br>Underhelm.                     | Green, John, Esq., land agent,<br>Rylands.          |
| Collis, A. P., artist, Belle Vue.                              | Green, William, yeoman, Beck<br>Allans.             |
| Cookson, Thomas, farmer and<br>lodging housekeeper, Dale End   | Garnett, Frank, shoemaker,<br>Butterliphow.         |
| Cookson, Mrs., How Foot.                                       | Greenwood, J. Y. Esq., Wyke.                        |
| Cowperthwaite, William, lodging<br>house keeper, Church Stile. | Green, Daniel, provision dealer,<br>Pavement End.   |
| Dixon, James, farmer & builder,<br>Bove Beck.                  | Harrison, Thomas, farmer and<br>carrier, Gill Foot. |
| Fleming, Rev. Sir Richard,<br>rector, Rectory.                 | Hayton, Robert, farmer, Score<br>Cragg.             |
| Fleming, James, yeoman, Knott's<br>Houses.                     | Heelis, Stephen, Esq., solicitor,<br>Forrest Side.  |
| Fleming, John, provision dealer,<br>Knott's Houses.            | Hodgson, Levi, waller & builder,<br>Town End.       |
| Farquhar, Lady, Dale Cottage.                                  | Hodgson, Peter, boot and shoe<br>maker, Town End.   |
| Fletcher, Mrs., Lanerigg.                                      | Howe, Rd., painter and glazier.                     |
| Fleming, John, yeoman, Under<br>How.                           |   |



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| Jenkinson, Daniel, farmer, Goody Bridge.       | Sandford, Thos, Esq., Ben Place.                   |
| Johnson, Rev. William, Between Gates.          | Scott, William, general trader, Swan Inn.          |
| Luff, Mrs., Dale Cottage.                      | Usher, Isaac, Red Lion Hotel.                      |
| Mackereth, David, parish clerk, Wyke.          | Walker, I. farmer, Broad Rain.                     |
| Mackereth, Gawin, boatman & guide, Town End.   | Webber, Mrs., Allan Banks.                         |
| Phillips, Captain, The Wray.                   | Walker, Ed., grocer, Moss Side.                    |
| Postlethwaite, Jos., blacksmith, White Bridge. | Walker, Edward, blacksmith, Town End.              |
| Rothery, Mary, farmer, Goody Bridge.           | Wilson, J., yeoman, Goody Bge.                     |
|  | Wilson, Edward & Sons, builders, Stubdale Cottage. |
|  | Wilson, John, builder, Horse Stead Cottage.        |

HAWKSHEAD.

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| Atkinson, Robert, police officer.                | Braithwaite, William, plasterer.                |
| Atkinson, John, grocer.                          | Brockbank, Robert & Matthew, joiners, Hannakin. |
| Atkinson, John, hoop manufacturer, Outgate.      | Burton, John, tailor and draper.                |
| Atkinson, Richard B., beerhouse keeper, Outgate. | Chapman, Ann, Hill Top.                         |
| Backhouse, Richard, farmer, High Wray.           | Coward, James, saddler.                         |
| Bainbridge, Mrs. Sarah.                          | Coward, Rev. William, schoolmaster.             |
| Baisbrown, John, gardener and seedsman.          | Coward, Edward, farmer, Keen Ground.            |
| Baisbrown, Richard, earthenware dealer.          | Coward, William, miller, Hawkshead Mill.        |
| Bardsley, Thomas, schoolmaster.                  | Coward, William, flag merchant, Outgate.        |
| Barker, John, painter & glazier.                 | Crawford, Rev. Samuel, Borwick Lodge.           |
| Beck, Mrs., Esthwaite Lodge.                     | Croasdale, John, farmer, Skinner How.           |
| Bell, Anthony, yeoman, Birkrey.                  | Cooper, Mrs., Beckside Cottage.                 |
| Bell, Dorothy, tea dealer, Green End.            | Croasdale, Isabella, farmer, Sawrey Ground.     |
| Benson, Thomas, farmer, Field Head.              | Dixon, James, waller, Croft Head.               |
| Black, George, farmer, Atwood.                   | Dowbiggin, James, auctioneer.                   |
| Bowman, Thomas, Esq., (J.P.) Rogerground.        | Dowbiggin, John, joiner.                        |
| Bownass, Geo. waller, Waterside.                 | Dugdale, Richard, farmer, Cragg                 |
| Bownass, William, calf dealer, Thompson Ground.  | Dugdale, John, farmer, Tock How.                |
| Braithwaite, George, boot and shoe maker.        | Forrest, W. farmer, Beyont Field.               |

- Forsyth, John, wood monger, Field Head.  
 Fothergill, John, farmer, Esthwaite Hall.  
 Garnett, Mary, Borwick Ground.  
 Garnett, George, farmer, Sunny Brow.  
 Gibson, Alexander Craig, surgeon  
 Gill, Sarah, King's Arms Inn.  
 Green, Samuel, clerk and sexton  
 Hale, Miss Elizabeth, dressmaker  
 Hartley, William, bacon dealer and farmer, Tock How.  
 Hawkrigg, J. yeoman, Town End.  
 Hetherington, Sarah, oat-bread baker.  
 Hunt, Thomas Henry, excise-officer, Hammakin.  
 Hewitson, Miles, boot and shoe maker.  
 Hickie, Daniel Banfield, L.L.D., master of grammar school.  
 Hodgson, Braithwaite, Esq., Green End.  
 Hodgson, William, blacksmith, Gallowbarrow.  
 Hopkins, Joseph, Esq., Belle Grange.  
 Hudson, Richd., farmer, Birkrey.  
 Huish, Calverley, Esq.  
 Hutchinson, John, boot and shoe maker.  
 Hutchinson, Margaret, confectioner.  
 Jackson, Richard, Sun Inn.  
 Jefferson, William, farmer, Borwick Lodge.  
 Keen, Jacob, farmer, Howe.  
 Kendall, Wm., yeoman, Hawkshead Field.  
 Kendall, James, yeoman, Hawkshead Field.  
 Kilner, Mrs., Richmond Villa.  
 Kirkby, Mat., farmer, Water-son Ground.  
 Kirkby, Robert, auctioneer, Colt-house.  
 Ladyman, George, Queen's Head Inn.  
 Leviston, George S., yeoman, Greystone Cottage.  
 Lodge, Edmund, Esq., Keen Ground.  
 Martin, John, hoop manufacturer  
 Martin, George, waller.  
 Medcalf, William, Esq., Mill Hill Cottage.  
 Milligan, Joseph, farmer, Castle.  
 Milligan, Michael, farmer, Knipe Fold.  
 Newby, John, farmer, Foldyeat.  
 Nicholson, George, tailor and draper.  
 Noble, Robert, boot and shoe maker.  
 Noble, the Misses, drapers.  
 Noble, Mary, confectioner.  
 Noble, John, ironmonger and grocer.  
 Park, Rev. George, Parsonage, Walker Ground.  
 Park, William, joiner.  
 Park, James, swiller, Gallowbarrow.  
 Park, John, farmer, Dodgson-ground.  
 Parker, Anthony, farmer, Hawkshead Hall.  
 Poole, John, butcher, Roger-ground.  
 Poole, John, Esq., solicitor, Field Head House.  
 Postlethwaite, Isaac, tailor.  
 Proctor, John.  
 Purdie, James, tin plate worker  
 Raven, Mrs., Walker Ground.  
 Raven, Robert, saddler.  
 Rigg, John, clogger, Outgate.  
 Robinson, Thos., vetr. surgeon.  
 Rowlandson, Margaret, spinster.

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| Rowlandson, John, gentleman.                        | Usher, John, Brown Cow Inn.                                     |
| Satterthwaite, Thomas, cooper,<br>Outgate.          | Usher, Benjamin, waller.  |
| Satterthwaite, Thomas, farmer,<br>Loanthwaite.      | Usher, John, waller, Sand<br>Ground.                            |
| Satterthwaite, Jonathan, bacon<br>curer, Colthouse. | Walker, Thomas, carpenter, Gal-<br>labarrow.                    |
| Satterthwaite, Wm., blacksmith.                     | Walker, Mary, grocer, Gallow-<br>barrow.                        |
| Satterthwaite, Jane, spinster.                      | Walker, William, bobbin manu-<br>facturer, Bobbin Mill Cottage. |
| Scales, Rowland, yeoman, Out-<br>gate.              | Walker, John Thomas, bobbin<br>turner, Summer Hill.             |
| Scott, Miss Deborah, dressmaker.                    | Wardley, Joshua, farmer, High<br>House.                         |
| Slater and Heelis, solicitors.                      | Wardley, Thomas, farmer, High<br>Barn.                          |
| Steele, Jonathan, yeoman.                           | Warriner, T., yeoman, Outgate.                                  |
| Studdart, Robert, boot and shoe<br>maker.           | Watson, Charles, postmaster.                                    |
| Swainson, G., farmer, Sike Side.                    | Watson, Gawn, tallow chandler.                                  |
| Taylor, John, relieving officer.                    | Watson, Anne, draper.   |
| Taylor, Ann, grocer.                                | Whittaker, Mrs., Belmont.                                       |
| Taylor, George, plasterer.                          | Wilson, Mary, national school<br>mistress.                      |
| Taylor, Ferdinando, Red Lion<br>Inn.                | Wilson, John, carrier.  |
| Taylor, the Misses, milliners and<br>dressmakers.   | Wilcock, Thomas, Esq., Lake<br>Bank.                            |
| Taylor, Isaac, blacksmith, Han-<br>nakin.           | Wilson, William, Esq., land<br>agent, High Wray.                |
| Taylor, Joseph, beerhousekeeper,<br>Waterbarnets.   |   |
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